

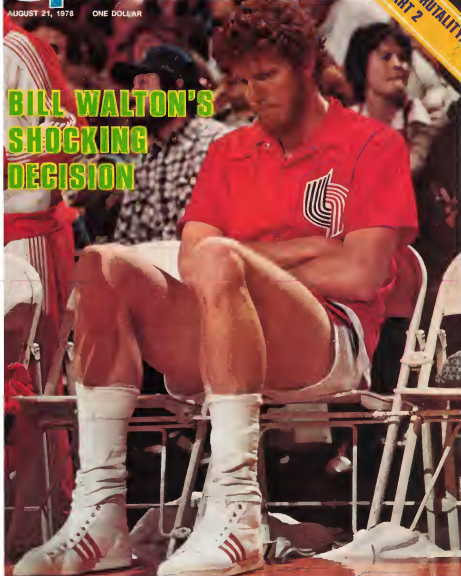
Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 21, 1978

ONE DOLLAR

FOOTBALL BRUTALITY
PART 2

BILL WALTON'S SHOCKING DECISION



Catch Summer before it gets away.



Summer is good nature, when the ice melts and people are close to each other in front of the horizon instead of the television. As a pleasing addition to summer, we offer the following thought. Treat yourself, occasionally, to a splash of crystal-clear Smirnoff in icy cold tonic. Or, use Smirnoff to brighten up a glass of fresh orange or grapefruit juice. Don't brighten it too much, though, you might lose your grip on summer.

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She's Rhonda Ward of Webb City, Missouri. A perky 13-year-old who became the millionth youngster to make a letter-writing friend through "Big Blue Marble."

"Big Blue Marble" is the international children's TV show that's presented by the people of ITT.

In each program, we invite our young audience to make friends with other youngsters by mail.

They send us their name, their address, age, special interests and the type of Pen Pal they'd like.

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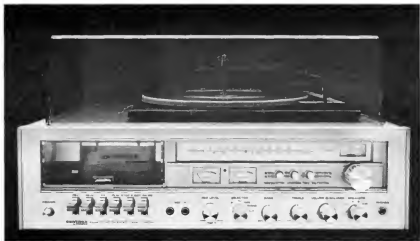
Big Blue Marble, P.O. Box 4054 Santa Barbara, Calif. 93103.)

Like "Big Blue Marble" itself, this Pen Pal program is being presented by ITT for the very best reason in the world.

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**The best ideas are the
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by PIONEER

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CONTENTS

AUGUST 21, 1978 Volume 49, No. 8

Over photograph by James Davis

Off On a Wronged Foot 18

BM Walton abruptly quit the Blazers after a dispute over the team's medical practices—and headed for Golden State by John Papanek

Galloping Toward a Dream Race 24

Seattle's Slew won at Saratoga. So did Affirmed. The real news is that the two are headed for a history-making showdown by William Leggett

Big Splash in Edmonton 26

England's Francis Daley Thompson chased the decathlon record and Henry Rono won two golds at the Commonwealth Games by Kenny Moore

Punishment Is a Crime 32

Intimidate! Gang tackle! Pursue! Those are now bywords in football, having largely replaced "sportsmanship" by John Underwood

He's Still Le Grand Orange 58

In Detroit he is known simply as Rusty Staub, but in any language the Tigers' 34-year-old designated hitter is one solid swinger by Larry Keith

Going Real Strawwwng 70

As television tycoon, team owner and super sailor, Ted Turner has become a star who is bigger and a bit louder than life by Curry Kirkpatrick

The Departments

Scorecard	13	TV/Radio	62	For the Record	83
Baseball	58	Horse Racing	65	19th Hole	84

Details on page 83

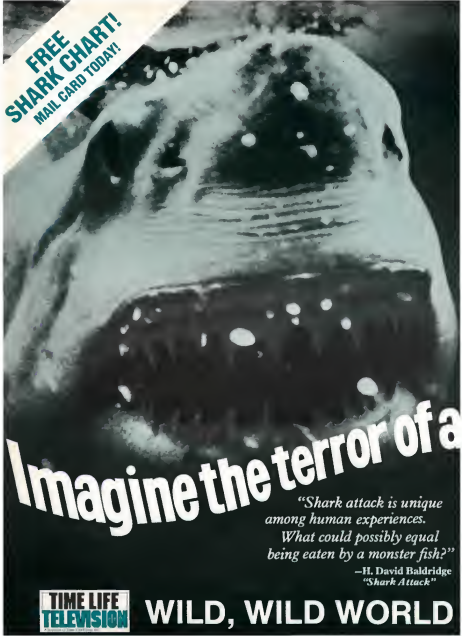
Next Week

HAS THE TIGER turned tabby? Since 1974, the year he was near unbeatable, Jimmy Connors has played in the finals of several major tournaments—and lost six. On the eve of the U.S. Open, Frank Deford takes the tiger—or tabby—by the tail

THAT MATCHLESS PAIR, Triple Crown winner Affirmed and Alydar, the runner-up in the three-year-old classics, meet for the 10th time in the Travers. William Leggett reports from Saratoga on the latest installment of their long-running civil-war

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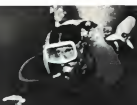
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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

STEVE CAUTHEN, ONLY 18 AND RIDING HIGH, ALREADY HAS HIS OWN BOSWELL

So much has been written about Steve Cauthen that nothing of moment can be added here. But it ought to be noted that Cauthen, at the ripe old age of 18, has already found his Boswell.

He is Pete Axthelm, the author of *The Kid* (Bantam, \$2.50), a paperback biography rushed into print ahead of schedule on the heels of Cauthen's splendid spring victories at the reins of Affirmed. One might assume that the book is a quickie, but it isn't: *The Kid* is a solid, sensitive piece of work that does credit both to its subject and to its author.

Though Axthelm is perhaps best known for his pioneering book about urban basketball, *The City Game*, his journalistic roots are planted in the racetrack. He has been a rail² bird for years, and he brings all his knowledge of the racing world to bear in his account of Cauthen's brief, astonishing career. *The Kid* is not just another breathless paean to a sports celebrity; it is also an intimate, humorous, anecdotal exploration of the little universe in which the horse is king.

Axthelm spent a lot of time with the Cauthen family in the course of preparing the book (it is an "official" biography, and he and Cauthen share the royalties), and he has gotten fascinating, often touching material about these honorable, unpretentious, hard-working people. As Tex Cauthen, Steve's father, told Axthelm, "I guess the coray way to put it is that horses are in our blood." Tex and his wife Myra are horse people who have made respected careers out of the work they love most: Steve is the most sensational result of their labors.

Readers and TV watchers know that Cauthen is not exactly a great interview, but Axthelm persuasively portrays him as a bright, level-headed kid with a firm sense of where he came from and where he fits in. Axthelm devotes much space to Cauthen's uncanny feeling for horses, his diligence and self-discipline, and his sense of racing tactics. The Kid in Axthelm's word is a natural.

So is the book. Axthelm tells page after page of funny, revealing stories, and he writes with affection and perception. "The beauty of racing," he says, "lies largely in the fact that almost any race can be described with equal accuracy and excitement by saying 'He paid eight dollars' or 'He fulfilled somebody's dream of a lifetime.'" On both counts, that is the story of Steve Cauthen.

END



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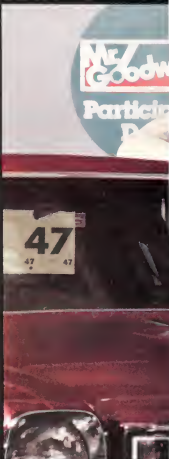
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10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health**

SCORECARD

Edited by E. M. SWIFT

SERIOUS CHARGE

We've reached the bottom of the barrel now." So saying, Baltimore Colt owner Robert Isray summed up the situation between his football club and star Running Back Lydell Mitchell. Stalled in their contract negotiations, and with Mitchell being fined \$500 a day for missing training camp, push turned to shove last week as Mitchell filed a racial grievance against the Colts and Isray threatened to sue for defamation of character. The Player-Club Relations Committee will hear the grievance on Aug. 21.

Surprise, surprise, it all began over money. Mitchell has been seeking a reported 100% raise in his \$90,000 to \$100,000 salary, which does not seem that unreasonable in the light of his durability and performance—1,000 yards rushing each of the last three years and an average of 56 pass receptions over the past five seasons. But the Colts claim they could not get so much as a first-round draft choice when they tried to trade Mitchell last winter. They have offered Lydell between \$125,000 and \$200,000 to sign, which they feel is fair, because if Mitchell were to play out his option this year and received that much from another club, whoever signed him would have to compensate the Colts with a first- and second-round choice. If his salary were \$200,000 or more, the prescribed compensation would be two first-round picks. All right. Both sides have a case, and they were apparently making progress in negotiations. Sources close to Mitchell said they were only about \$20,000 apart at one point.

Then the racial grievance was filed, and it quickly replaced money as the overriding issue. Isray now says he won't talk further with Mitchell until Lydell publicly apologizes.

It is unclear whether Mitchell's grievance is sincere or simply a ploy to force management into agreeing to terms. The Colt running back is also the team's highly respected player representative, and while none of the other blacks on the

team have complained of racial discrimination, beyond what they find elsewhere, return specialist Howard Stevens says, "I feel that deep down in Lydell's heart he believed he has been discriminated against in negotiations." Both Mitchell and his attorney say they filed the grievance only after a great deal of consideration.

It is hoped that Mitchell will, indeed, follow through as an indication that he sincerely feels he was the victim of discrimination. If a money dispute, commonplace in sports, has led to a cry of racial wolf, that is indefensible. To be sure, Isray has shown a certain callousness toward the Colts' all-time leading rusher from the start of the contract squabble. Last January he said, "He'll sign or I'll sit him in a rocking chair. He'll play. He needs the money. These guys think that all this TV money is going to them." Indeed, several Colt players, both black and white, have expressed dissatisfaction with management tactics during contract negotiations but that is one thing and a charge of racial discrimination is another.

Said Quarterback Bert Jones, "This is the most serious charge he could make against the Colts."

It is.

JIM DANDY

If Affirmed once again defeats Alydar and the rest of the field in Saturday's 109th running of the Travers Stakes in Saratoga, N.Y., he will become only the second horse to win the Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont and Travers. The first was Whirlaway in 1941.

Most observers feel that the Travers will again be a two-horse race, but if a long shot has a chance to upset these two magnificent thoroughbreds anywhere, the Travers could be the place. It was in that race, back in 1930, that a 100-to-1 shot named Jim Dandy sneaked past Triple Crown winner Gallant Fox, who went off at odds of 3 to 5 in what is regarded by some as the biggest upset in

racing history. One can imagine Gallant Fox thinking to himself as the long shot went shooting by, "Now isn't this just Jim Dandy?" It was, and the upset eventually led to Saratoga naming a stakes race after Jim Dandy, which was won by Affirmed last week (page 24).

BATHROOM HUMOR

If you have been tempted to wash your tennis game, equipment and instructor down the nearest drain, a book has been written just for you. It's called *Bathroom Tennis*, and according to author Alan S. Boltin, the only thing keeping you from cleaning up against your local Bjorn Borg is the failure to read his booklet during a daily eight-minute stint in the bathroom.

Boltin is a tennis pro who has instructed the likes of Farrah Fawcett-Majors and Priscilla Presley, and his "book," which is actually a kit, includes a 64-



page manual and four waterproof charts. The manual is based largely on the Zen philosophy of mind over matter and banks on the capitalist-pig philosophy that a tennis addict will buy anything. To be sure, the manual does offer elementary advice on how to stroke a tennis ball, but the bread and butter of *Bathroom Tennis* deals with the mental aspects of the game. A chapter like "Make The Bull Your Friend," for instance—a concept Boltin doubtless borrowed from Jimmy (Love-the-Ball) Connors—can easily be mastered while lathering up. Another section discusses the Zen method of retrieving a particularly difficult shot. "You [and the ball] both exist in a new reality together. You

continued

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Beam family members Booker and Jerry

Once we start aging Beam's Sour Mash there isn't much to do. Mostly, we take it easy while this slow, careful, uncompromising process turns out the Sour Mash Whiskey we've been looking for.



We're not sure why, but slow-aging for over 8 years seems to be the secret of this whiskey. Something else we discovered. Charcoal filtering after aging assures even more mellow smoothness.

At 90 Proof, this is the Kentucky Sour Mash of truly exceptional taste. Beam's Sour Mash. As close to perfection as anybody's going to get.

Enjoy it without hurrying. Savor it the same way we make it. Slowly and leisurely.

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90-Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Distilled and Bottled by The James B. Beam Distilling Co. Clermont, Beam, Ky



SCORECARD *continued*

are the ball, and the ball is you. . ."

To facilitate practicing in the shower, two of the acetate charts depict empty tennis courts and have space at the top in which vindictively to write the name of your chosen opponent. "You can't lose in the shower," Boltin gleefully points out. While washing the soap from his ears, the conscientious student imagines running deep to his forehand, executing a perfect lob, then dashing to the net for the killing volley. "Your nervous system doesn't know the difference if you're actually playing or just imagining yourself on the court," Boltin says. "This practice is effective because you are fooling your nervous system. It thinks you're on a court in the hot sun practicing and sweating like a pig. . ."

One can imagine bathrooms all over the country being tied up by tennis fanatics, and harried spouses pleading, "Hey in there, get off the court."

"Later, dear, I've got Nastase 5-1."

AMHOGG!

You can look it up. In a Babe Ruth League game in Manchester, N.H. on July 22, Steve Lapointe, whose team was leading 7-0, was one out away from pitching a no-hitter. Then, with runners on first and second via walks, the batter, Andy Hebert, hit a routine ground ball between first and second, but the runner on first was struck by the ball before it could be fielded. The runner was called out, the game was over and Lapointe had his no-hitter, right? Wrong.

According to the rules of baseball, a base hit shall be scored in the following case: "When a fair ball which has not been touched by a fielder touches a runner or an umpire."

A SERPENT IN THE GARDEN

When new Boston Celtic owner John Y. Brown called Marvin (I-Ain't-Starvin') Barnes to find out what he could do to make him hustle as he did in college and in his first year in the pros, he was ill-prepared for Barnes' response. Barnes asked Brown to delete the guaranteed-payment clause in his contract, which still had three seasons to run.

"I thought about it and decided that with the guaranteed clause off my contract, I would have to produce," Barnes says. "I knew Red Auerbach would cut me if I didn't." Then Barnes took a page from Lyman Bostock's book, claiming, "In fact, I told John if I had the money

continued

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he paid me for last year [at Buffalo], I'd give it back to him. But I don't have it, I spent it." Hmm.

Says Brown, who took Barnes up on his offer, "If there is anything that has taken away from teamwork, that has kept players from reaching out for their full potential, it is the long-term guaranteed contract. It still pays the athlete, even if he does nothing but show up for practice. We all need pressure. I need pressure. I'm not working as hard now as when I was out selling encyclopedias to get through college."

The above calls to mind a Doonesbury strip in which Zerkon asks his begonia what it thinks of President Carter. Says the begonia, "I'm all for him. As long as he doesn't make good on his pledge to make government as nice as the American people. . . . I mean, the whole reason government exists in the first place is that people are not inherently unselfish and kind!"

The same can be said of athletes' contracts. But who ever listens to begonias?

SHORT MARRIAGE

The amazing part of the shake-up in Los Angeles is not that George Allen lost his job as head coach of the Rams last week after only two exhibition-game defeats, but that Allen kept the job as long as he did. At Washington, he motivated players by controlling their purse strings. People ran through brick walls for George because he gave them even more money than they thought they were worth. In L.A. he didn't control the money, and four starters walked out of camp, two of them over contract problems. It's not hard to imagine Allen calling the salary hassles "distractions" and pestering owner Carroll Rosenbloom and general manager Don Klosterman to resolve them. Nor is it difficult to imagine Rosenbloom and Klosterman telling Allen that money is none of his business, that he was hired to coach. But to Allen, coaching is manipulating money. He had lost his source of rapport with his players. Rosenbloom apparently understood this. As Allen said after the announcement of his firing, "Carroll told me I'd be better off to be a head coach and general manager." But elsewhere.

BABE

Jim Rice, the Red Sox slugger, may be leading the American League in home runs, but if you're talking long ball

with him, you're talking dimples, not home runs.

He routinely drives a golf ball more than 300 yards, and no less an authority than 1975 U.S. Open champion Lou Graham says, "He's as long as anybody playing today, and longer than anybody on the tour right now."

Graham had just spent an afternoon watching Rice outdrive him by an average of 60 yards during the pro-celebrity prelude to last week's \$225,000 Pleasant Valley tournament in Sutton, Mass. Rice shot a 79 (he has a 10 handicap), pretty respectable for a man who has played golf only a year and a half. But his driving!

"He hits the ball as far as you have heard, read or can even imagine," says Red Sox announcer Ken Harrelson, who tried for three years to join the PGA Tour and is still a low-handicap golfer. "I've seen him hit it over 400 yards any number of times. Take Jimmy Rice's average drive and take Jack Nicklaus', and Jim's out 60, 80 yards ahead of Nicklaus. I have played with all the long hitters in the world. Rice is the longest hitter I've ever seen."

Tales of Rice's strength are becoming legendary. Joe Garagiola claims to have seen him drive a golf ball 200 yards with a baseball bat. Harrelson saw him break a specially constructed driver, with a shaft as thick as his thumb, simply by generating tremendous club-head speed. All that's needed to complete the Paul Bunyan image is for someone to give Rice a blue ox named Babe—though come to think of it, no one would know if it had been named after Mr. Ruth or Miss Didrikson.

THE KING CORPORATION

Standard Oil and IBM, move over. Gordon King, a rookie offensive lineman for the New York Giants, wants to join the ranks of corporate giants. King and his attorney, Leigh Steinberg, have received the green light from the Giants to approach the NFL for approval of their plan to incorporate King.

Steinberg believes that incorporation—a common practice for doctors, lawyers and other well-paid non-athletes—is the best solution to the harsh taxation and financial uncertainties that face athletes signing multiyear contracts. At least 15 NBA players and many more pro hockey players have already incorporated themselves. Yet despite the absence of major problems with incor-

poration in the NBA and NHL, the NFL denied a request from the Colts' Don McCauley in 1977 to incorporate. "Pro football has taken the stance that you may not be able to discipline a corporation or assign the contract of a corporation," Steinberg says. "But a player can sign a form guaranteeing that he will accept these matters in the same manner as other players." Such a form is used in the NBA and NHL.

Jay Moyer, counsel to NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, says the league worries that if the IRS finds player incorporation "to be a sham to evade taxes, the club would be liable not only for the income taxes it should have withheld, but for a 100% penalty besides."

Steinberg says an underlying reason for NFL opposition may be that it will cost teams more money if players stop deferring salaries and incorporate as a means to ensure long-term financial security. Although many athletes now opt for deferred contracts, Steinberg sees two problems with deferment: the owner holds the money and benefits from the interest that accrues, and inflation makes it worth less when the player finally gets his hands on it.

One apparent disadvantage to incorporation is that King, or any other incorporated player, might have to drop out of the NFL pension program for which a player becomes eligible after four seasons. If a player begins taking his pension at age 55, every month he gets \$110 for each year he was active. But that will be no great loss to King. As a corporation, he could put up to 25% of his yearly earnings in a tax-free pension plan of his own. Steinberg calculates that if for 10 years King annually puts \$25,000 into a pension plan that yields 8% interest, at 55 he will have \$2.4 million in the bank.

Steinberg plans to huddle with Rozelle soon, but right now King's incorporation is facing a third-and-long situation.

THEY SAID IT

● Herman (Jackrabbit) Smith-Johannsen, 103-year-old Canadian cross-country skier, on the secret of long life: "Stay busy, get plenty of exercise and don't drink too much. Then again, don't drink too little."

● George E. Danielson, chairman of the House subcommittee studying the Amateur Sports Act of 1978, when told about the Olympic sport of luge: "I thought it was something to eat."

END

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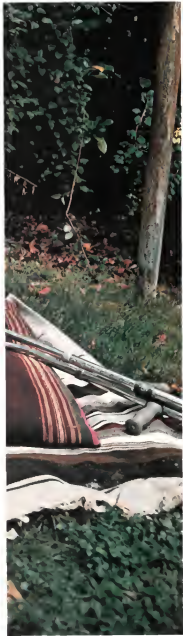
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OFF ON A WRONGED FOOT

Bill Walton quit the Blazers after a dispute over team medical policy and headed for Golden State **by JOHN PAPANEEK**

Last Friday evening, as reports began circulating that he might miss more than half of the coming season, Bill Walton left a Portland, Ore. clinic with a cast on his left leg. With the addition of the cast, the puzzle of what had happened to Walton, what had made him demand to be traded from the Trail Blazers, grew even more complicated. The sudden move left some friendships strained. It also left the city's basketball fans stunned. Just 14 months before, Walton was leading a raucous victory parade through the streets of downtown Portland after the Trail Blazers had won the National Basketball Association championship.

The initial shock came after a secret meeting in Chicago on Aug. 1 when Walton, who was voted the league's MVP last season, demanded that the Blazers trade him as soon as possible to a team of his choosing, which, late Sunday night, he announced was the Golden State Warriors.

Even more unsettling was the announcement from the Portland club that it "will attempt to abide by his request." And what made the whole thing a mystery was the addendum to which both sides agreed, at Walton's insistence: not to discuss the whys continued

Walton, the NBA's Most Valuable Player, cast about for a new team before he announced his agreement with the Warriors



Portland Coach Ramsay said that players know the risks of taking injections such as the ones that Dr. Cook (below) administered to Walton.



and whereof of the strange affair.

Last week, however, Walton's reasons for demanding the trade became clearer. He believed that his latest injury—a fractured bone in his left foot, which was diagnosed after he had appeared in a play-off game on April 21—might have been avoided if the Trail Blazers had provided him with proper medical advice and care. Walton also charged the team with the misuse of the pain-modifying drugs Xylocaine and Marcaine, and the anti-inflammatory drugs Butazolidin (phenylbutazone) and Decadron (dexamethasone).

Even when Walton's reasons began to surface, many people, including some Blazer officials, clung to the belief that Walton had a hidden motive. Not money, because as early as last December the Blazers offered to extend Walton's contract beyond next season, when it would expire, and they were apparently willing to pay him what he wanted. There were suggestions that Walton was being misled by his newly designated agents, Jack Scott (the author of a recent book about Walton) and Portland attorney John Bassett. The Blazers' general manager, Harry Glickman, Coach Jack Ramsay and several of the players called attention to a fact that was well known in Portland and—ironically, they felt—documented repeatedly in Scott's book, *Bill Walton, On the Road with the Portland Trail Blazers*. This fact was that Ramsay and Dr. Robert Cook, the team physician, were two of Walton's closest friends. Moreover, in the book Dr. Cook and Blazer Trainer Ron Culp were described as "sensitive."

"Ron and Bob are two medical people who would almost certainly be retained if the players were selecting the team physician and trainer..." Scott wrote. Said Glickman, "Wouldn't you think that if Bill was mad at Ramsay and Cook, he'd come out and say it?"

Maybe that was exactly the reason why Walton was keeping quiet.

In a prepared statement that Scott read on Aug. 4, Walton said, "This was the most difficult decision I've ever had to make regarding my basketball career. The tremendous loyalty and support of my teammates and the Trail Blazer fans have made that decision much tougher." Except to meet with a parade of coaches and general managers from other teams who came to Portland to bid for Walton's services, he was incommunicado.

The Blazers stuck steadfastly to a state-

ment made by Glickman last week: "Our president Larry Weinberg and I are absolutely shocked by Walton's decision. There was nothing in any prior conversation that he had with anyone in our organization to suggest that he was unhappy or that he was going to ask for a trade."

When the news of Walton's disenchantment with the Blazers reached print, basketball fans all over America were confounded. This was the player who 14 months earlier had been making funny circles over his head and zipping ferocious outlet passes as he led the fast-breaking Blazers to the championship.

The Blazers epitomized team basketball. Ramsay and Walton represented a perfect meld of coach and center, with Walton the center in every respect. And it is significant that the championship came in Walton's first and only healthy season in the NBA. His first two years, 1975-77, were marred by an almost constant series of injuries—including a broken nose, wrist, foot and leg—which caused him to miss 78 of 164 games. The severity of these injuries—at times, the injuries themselves—was questioned by the press, fans, even some of his teammates and team officials. Because he didn't believe in the use of pain-killing drugs, Walton was called a malingeringer. He was also criticized for his radical politics and a counter-culture life-style that was alien to the professional sports Establishment, everything from his clothing to his hairstyle to his diet was harpooned. "I've been accused of being a Communist, hiding Patty Hearst and taking LSD before a game," he said recently. He became suspicious of strangers and stopped trying to answer critics.

With the championship, his past was suddenly forgotten. Walton became the cynosure of exuberant Oregon. Nearly everyone who had hated him loved him. Some of his "eccentricities" were even celebrated; his independence was regarded as being consonant with that of all red-blooded Oregonians. He triggered that wonderful disease that became known as Blazermania. Fourteen months later, he may have snuffed it out. Or rather, the "mania" snuffed itself out.

Blazermania gathered steam in the 1977-78 season. Memorial Coliseum's 12,366 seats were sold for every game, and the spillover was lining up to watch on theater TV. By the All-Star break the Blazers were 40-8 and had won 44 straight at home. They were a good bet

to break the NBA record of 69-13 and sweep through the playoffs to become the first team since the 1969 Celtics to win back-to-back titles. And they were being compared with the all-time great teams.

Through Feb. 28 they were 50-10, but that night, while the Blazers were beating their archrivals from Philadelphia 113-92, Blazersmania went into a holding pattern. Walton fell heavily on his left ankle, aggravating an earlier injury, and had to leave the game. Later it was learned that Walton actually had been bothered by pain in his right foot.

In the very next game, on March 2 in New York, Forward Lloyd Lick collided with teammate Maurice Lucas and fell writhing with an injury to his left knee, which had already been operated on twice to repair torn cartilage.

On March 5 Dr. Bob Cook operated on Walton's right foot for an ailment called interdigital neuroma. Four nerve stems were removed between the second and third toes. The Blazers announced that Walton was expected back in "one to three weeks," but 10 days later Walton still could not walk without limping on his left foot. At the same time, the team announced that Neal would be sidelined until the playoffs. As things turned out, so would Walton.

Soon other Blazers were going down left and right. Lucas missed six of the remaining 19 games with a strained tendon in his right hand and a dislocated finger on his left. Forward Larry Steele missed six games with tendinitis in his right foot. Guard Dave Twardzik was nagged by injuries to his hip, tailbone, wrist and ankle during the stretch run.

On March 23 the Blazers suffered another blow. In Milwaukee, Forward Bob Gross sustained a severe stress fracture of his left ankle. Gross was out for the season, and the Blazers' medical practices became the subject of public speculation for the first time.

Gross' ankle had begun bothering him two weeks earlier. His problem was diagnosed by Cook as tendinitis. No X ray was taken. Cook told Gross to return to Cook's office for an X ray if the symptoms persisted. "Almost without exception we get an X ray before medication is given," Cook said last week. This turned out to be one of those exceptions.

By March 18 Gross still had not had an X ray, but the pain in his ankle was so severe that he needed an injection of Xylocaine to play against Atlanta. That

injection was given by Dr. John Hazel, an associate of Cook's who was covering while Cook was away. Three nights later, when the Blazers played Seattle, Gross needed three injections—one before the game, one at halftime and another during the third period. By the time the Blazers reached Milwaukee, the pain was even greater. Hazel switched to Marcaine, a longer-lasting anesthetic. According to Gross, Hazel had to shoot three times before he found the right spot to deaden the pain. Then, his foot numbed, Gross played. "I didn't feel anything when the bone fractured," Gross said last week. "I only heard the noise."

Last week Ramsay said of the incident, "Is it a sin to take a painkiller? I would never allow a player to play if I thought he was risking serious injury. But listen, this is their job. A professional basketball player is capable of deciding for himself whether he should take an injection or not. He knows the risks involved. If he doesn't, he should ask."

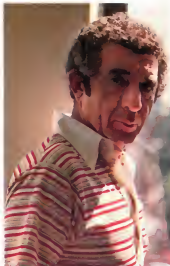
Did Gross ask? "They said it was going to numb me," he said. "They said it was tendinitis. You can pump an ankle with tendinitis full of anesthetics and nothing will ever happen. If I had it to do over again I would insist on their finding out exactly what was wrong."

Last week Cook had this to say about the team's policy on anesthetics: "For certain injuries we do not use pain modifiers. We do not, for example, inject major weight-bearing joints. We would not totally anesthetize a person's foot. If we did that and a person played any sport, he could irreparably damage his foot and be totally unaware of any sensation. That is something we do not do."

There had been word that Gross, who is still recovering from the fracture, was considering taking legal action against the Blazers. "I never said I would sue," said Gross, "though I'm sure I could if I wanted to."

With Gross out of the lineup, the pressure grew on everyone to "get healthy," especially Walton. No one had to tell him that even if all the players were in perfect health but him, the Blazers would go nowhere in the playoffs. His right foot had healed after the surgery, but the left was still swollen and painful. On March 28 the Celtics came to town. The Blazers had lost seven of their last nine. Before the game, Walton tried out his left foot, though he hadn't done any running since Feb. 28. He took "oral medication"

continued



Portland General Manager Glickman (above) and Trainer Culp urged Walton to repudiate his agents' criticism of Blazer medical policies.



before the game, either Butazolidin or Decadron. He had taken the drugs at times during the season. So had most of the other ailing Blazers.

Decadron is particularly effective in reducing inflammation, and stronger than Butazolidin. The dosage must be carefully regulated, however, and generally a prescription is required, as prolonged use or excessive dosage can impair the body's defense mechanisms against infection. Also, extended use of the drug can cause loss of texture and strength of bones, resulting in spontaneous fractures. Cook said last week that he verbally instructs Culp to administer Decadron or Butazolidin orally to a specific player for a specific amount of time. "I never use Decadron in oral form on a sustained basis," said Cook. "There are so-called diminishing-dose packs that may be used for a period of three to five days."

Several Trail Blazers said last week that getting Decadron or Butazolidin is no big deal. "You just go to the trainer and tell him you've got a sore shoulder or elbow," said one, "and he says, 'I'll get you some Bute.' Then a little while later it's in your locker." Culp said he only gives medication to a player whose condition Cook knows about, and he carefully records the administration of every last pill, in accordance with NBA rules.

In case Culp forgets to deliver the pill, however, or if Cook does not know about a player's condition, or if the player does not want Cook to know, the player can take Bute or Decadron himself. The drugs are kept in a cabinet in the training room, and while the players are dressing or undressing, the cabinet is usually unlocked. "Everybody knows where it is," said another player. "You don't have to sneak it. They want you to take it. Why do you think it's there?"

Before the March 28 Boston game, Ramsay asked Walton if he could play. Walton said his foot hurt despite the medication, and he did not play. The next three games were in Phoenix, Los Angeles and Seattle. According to Walton, Ramsay insisted he make the trip. Ramsay says that Walton never objected to traveling. "Besides," said Ramsay last week, "Dr. Cook said that Bill's readiness to play could come at any time." The reporters covering the team were under the same impression.

The *Oregonian* reported on April 1

that Walton, "hobbled by a mysterious injury to his left foot, was sent to Portland Friday, five hours before the Blazers took the court to play Los Angeles. . . . No longer was anyone in the Blazer family hiding concern."

By April 12, six days before the first playoff game against Seattle, Walton was working out with the team. He was limping noticeably and refused to talk about his injury. He had been to at least four other doctors in addition to Cook; all of the doctors' X rays had been negative and none had been able to pinpoint his injury. On Monday, April 17, Ramsay announced that Walton would start the following night against the SuperSonics. Asked for his reaction, Walton said, "Right now I don't want to talk about my injury or the Seattle series. Whatever Jack Ramsay says about me is the way it is."

On Tuesday night Walton played a heroic game. Although he had missed 22 straight games, and had barely practiced, he played 34 minutes, scored 17 points and had 16 rebounds while the Blazers lost 104-95. The *Oregonian* reported that Walton "bobbled like a trotting horse who could break down at any time."

On Wednesday he could not walk without pain. He spent most of the day in the whirlpool while the Blazers practiced. On Thursday he practiced but could not run. Game 2 of the Seattle series was on Friday night. Walton was in pain. Cook determined that Walton could take an injection of Xylocaine if he wanted to. Fully aware of what had happened to Gross, Walton's mind was heavy with doubt and conflict. He remembered what he went through his first two years in Portland, and he remembered what it had felt like to win the championship. He remembered Blazermania. Cook was his friend. So was Ramsay. No one told him not to take the shot. He took it. It didn't help much. The foot still hurt. He played.

The Blazers beat Seattle 96-93. Walton played 15 minutes in the first half, scored 10 points and got six rebounds. He stayed on the bench the entire second half. After the game Cook said, "I don't know if Bill can play Sunday. We're going to take X rays."

The X rays taken that night at Good Samaritan Hospital were negative. Walton went home, hurting. According to an article last May in the newspaper *Wil-*

lamette Week, by John Bassett, the attorney who would later become Walton's co-agent, "During the middle of the night Cook received a phone call. Said the caller, 'I don't give a damn what you say. Walton has a broken foot.'"

Saturday morning Cook called Walton back to the hospital for more X rays. Finally a fracture was found—a broken tarsal navicular bone below the left ankle. "The break was not related to the pain Walton had been having in the arch of the same foot," says Cook. The fact that Walton had been given an injection before the second Seattle game had been leaked to the press. Cook was asked if the injection could have contributed to the fracture. Cook said the injection was in an area "completely separate from the area of the break." Asked if the injection could have made it possible for Walton to put extra pressure on the bone, forcing it to break, Cook said, "Absolutely not. The area of the break was not numbed. If it had been, he wouldn't have felt the pain until much later than he did."

Walton did not go to any more playoff games, and Seattle won the series four games to two. He stayed in bed most of three weeks. On May 13 he went to a birthday party for Cook and, together with Culp, presented the doctor with a \$1,200 motorcycle as a gift. A few days later Walton, cast and all, joined Cook on a raft trip on the Owyhee River. Before he left town, Walton met with Glickman, who was concerned that "those two friends of yours," meaning, Scott and Bassett, were suggesting that Cook had made some serious mistakes in his treatment of some Trail Blazer players. The general manager suggested to Walton that he make a public statement in support of Cook. Walton said he would think about it.

In late June, Cook removed the cast and Walton drove to Eden, Ariz., to soak his foot in the hot springs there. Walton spent a month in Arizona thinking over the events of the previous months. He concluded that in playing with his injured left foot he had gone far beyond what he thought was morally right. He also concluded that he was the one who had made the mistakes, and his biggest mistake was allowing his trust in others—even close friends—to supersede his principles. He would have to make a stand, but he was not yet sure how.

His first Blazer contact upon returning to Portland was with Culp at—wouldn't you know?—a hospital. Walton was admitted to Willamette Falls Hospital on July 13 with a painful sinus condition, and later Culp had come to drive him home. At one point Culp casually suggested that Walton make a public statement supporting Cook and repudiating Scott and Bassett. The words must have had a familiar ring to Walton. And a hollow one. That same morning, Walton's left foot was examined by Cook, who said that the bone was healing normally. But Walton was still hobbling around on crutches.

On July 18 Walton met with Glickman to discuss team matters. In the course of the meeting, Glickman reminded Walton of his earlier request for a statement of support for Cook.

A few days later Ramsay called Walton. "The conversation was pleasant," said Ramsay last week. "It was a friendly talk. He said absolutely nothing to me to suggest he was unhappy with me, or anything else. He even said he was looking forward to coming to training camp. If he had reasons for wanting to be traded I wanted to hear them from him. He didn't need anyone to speak for him."

By the end of July, Walton felt that he had reasons, and he wanted to be traded. He called Blazer President Larry Weinberg and asked for a meeting. At the O'Hare Hilton in Chicago, Walton, accompanied by Bassett and Scott, laid his reasons on the table. Whether he thought the reasons were valid or not, Weinberg agreed to try to trade Walton.

Then last week came the parade. From a list drawn by Walton of teams he would consider joining, San Diego, New York, Golden State and Philadelphia sent representatives in that order. It is safe to say that all left Portland wondering when, if and how well Bill Walton will be able to play basketball. On Friday night, Walton went to the clinic where Dr. David B. Long, an orthopedist, placed a new cast on the same left foot. The tarsal navicular bone, fractured on April 21, had not yet healed, 16 weeks later.

At week's end, Golden State didn't seem fazed by Walton's medical problems and decided—cast or not—that he was worth the risk and whatever the Warriors would have to give up in return. Even if it takes a while to get him on the court.



Bob Gross took pain-killers and wound up on crutches with a fracture. Walton joined him soon after.

GALLOPING TOWARD A DREAM RACE

Seattle Slew won at Saratoga. So did Affirmed. The real news is that now they are heading for a historic showdown in September **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The way it traditionally works, the highlights of the second week of the Saratoga meeting are the yearling sale and the \$100,000 Alabama Stakes for 3-year-old fillies. But by last Thursday, when the lineups for Saturday's racing card began making the rounds, it was clear that this was to be no ordinary second week at the leafy old track in upstate New York. There on the mimeographed sheets was an entry for Seattle Slew. He was scheduled to run seven-eighths of a mile, for a winner's purse of \$15,000, against "3-year-olds and upward that have not won three races of \$7,800 since Dec. 31."

Seattle Slew, now there's a grand old name. It was just a year ago that he became the only horse ever to go through a Triple Crown season undefeated. He

became a star, and as a television attraction he even outdrew Secretariat. In those days, Slew's earning potential seemed boundless—but at the very height of his career, he just went poof. And as hard as it might be to comprehend, by last Saturday Seattle Slew had run but twice in the 425 days since he won the Belmont.

Slew won easily at Saratoga, and by six lengths, as indeed he should have against four opponents with a combined record this year of one victory in 29 outings. Racetrackers have a name for such horses: crows. But if the victory was routine, there was nothing dull about what Slew's performance might portend. With favored Caesar's Wish suffering a fatal heart attack during the running of the Alabama Stakes (the winner was White Star

Line), discussion of Slew's future provided a welcome diversion beneath the clouds.

The most fascinating possibility was that the fall would see a dream race between two Triple Crown winners. Because they come along so rarely, an opportunity like this one has never existed before. In fact, never before had two Triple Crown winners appeared on the same track in the same week. But last week Triple Crown winner Affirmed and Triple Crown winner Seattle Slew both ran at Saratoga. On Tuesday, Affirmed won the 1½-mile Jim Dandy, a prep race for this week's Travers, in which the Harbor View Farm's supercolt will again battle his supershadow, Alydar. And although Affirmed won, the Jim Dandy was some kind of race; in fact, few races in Saratoga's storied past have been so hotly contested or had such a dramatic windup.

Unbeaten in seven starts this year, Affirmed, with Steve Cauthen in the sad-



die, was facing only so-so opposition, save for Sensitive Prince, who had finished sixth in the Kentucky Derby. The Prince is trained by Allen Jenkins, who has been called the Genius because of his facility for fashioning upsets. When Jenkins sets out to beat "unbeatable" horses, he gets what he goes after with astonishing frequency—and he went after Affirmed the way he had chased so many others.

Before the Jim Dandy, Jenkins put two brilliant workouts into Sensitive Prince. Then he reached back into history and garished his horse with Jacinto Vasquez, the same rider Jenkins had hoisted into the saddle of Onion, when that nonentity beat Secretariat five years before. When Vasquez pushed Sensitive Prince to a commanding early lead and then held it through the stretch, everybody in the crowd knew that Jenkins was going to upset another champion.

But Affirmed, who had been having trouble handling the track during the early running, finally got hold of it and came storming after Sensitive Prince. The latter's eight-length lead had shrunk to four lengths at the furlong pole. Still, it was obvious that Affirmed's thrilling charge was going to be too late—only somehow Caubien got Affirmed home half a length in front.

The tightness of the finish was shocking to others besides those in the crowd of 21,554 that had been lured by Affirmed and had bet him down to 1 to 20. Although Affirmed's race was indeed only a prep, his trainer, Laz Barrera, had not intended to lose or even come close to losing. "Affirmed wasn't fully cranked up," he said later, "but I guess he showed what he is made of. Jenkins really must be the Genius. He worked and worked to try and beat Affirmed—only Affirmed wouldn't let him. Maybe there's some horse that can beat Affirmed this year, but I don't think so."

Well, there are at least three people who disagree, and they hope to make their point on Sept. 16 in the Marlboro Cup at Belmont, an event that is cur-

rently on Affirmed's campaign schedule. Owners Mickey Taylor and Jim Hill and trainer Doug Peterson, the men who direct both the fortunes and misfortunes of Slew, were all well pleased with their horse's seven-furlong race.

"The frustrations we have had this year are unbelievable," Taylor said. "First Slew came down with a blood disease in Florida and almost died on us. Just when he was working perfectly. That killed winter racing for him. Then we were going after the Metropolitan mile at Belmont on May 29. To get ready for the Met, we ran him in a race at Aqueduct and he won easily. But then he hurt himself in his stall and had to be taken out of training again."

"Even after winning here, Slew needs another race before he runs in the Marlboro. We hope to get a mile or a mile-and-an-eighth race at Belmont before that, but if we can't find such a race there early in September, a couple of other options are open to us."

At Saratoga, the return of Seattle Slew drew a strange reaction. In the walking ring he danced around and jammed it up as he always does, but the applause was scanty. Slew has been a puzzle since his owners sent him to Hollywood Park after last year's Triple Crown, only to see him struggle home fourth in the Swaps, walloped by 16 lengths by J. O. Tobin. The owners had gone against trainer Billy Turner's advice (Turner felt that the horse badly needed a rest), and in December the Slew crew and Turner parted. Turner was obviously fired for being too outspoken.

"I love Seattle Slew," he said recently. "I always will. A trainer gets his hands on a horse like him only once in his life. Yes, I'm outspoken. I say what I want to say and let it go at that. When I train a horse, I don't want owners around the barn from morning until night. If you were to say that the owners and I are on good terms, you'd be dead wrong. One morning this spring Slew was standing outside his barn at Belmont and I walked over and patted him and said, 'Hey, Slew, how you doin'?' then walked away. I didn't see it, of course, but someone who did said the entire Slew crew just froze."

Reflecting on Seattle Slew's career af-



Five days earlier, Affirmed had a tougher time

ter Saturday's race, Taylor said, "Yes, I know we've been criticized and second-guessed. The racetrack is a tough place. Sure, we've done some things wrong. But now we're going to prove that we know what we're doing."

Taylor and Hill also feel they can salvage their season of controversy and near-disaster if Slew can run in, and win, the Marlboro. "We're not afraid of Affirmed," Taylor said. "We've watched every one of his races this year and watched them carefully. He's an outstanding horse, but so is Slew. Affirmed had better be ready when the Marlboro Cup comes up, because he's going to see one big, black butt in front of him."

After he won on Seattle Slew last Saturday, jockey Jean Cruguet was easing Slew up on the backstretch when the place horse, Proud Birdie, the long-shot winner of last year's Marlboro, came alongside in a canter. Suddenly Slew started to take off, as if ready to run another race. "If the outsider hadn't grabbed hold of Slew," Cruguet said, "he would've gone around the racetrack again and still been running good."

The 1977 Triple Crown winner returned to the circle in front of the stands to polite applause. Obviously the fans didn't know what to make of his race or how to compare it with Affirmed's. Slew's running time for the seven furlongs, over a sloppy track, was a creditable 1:21½. Affirmed was timed in a stake-record 1:47½ for his mile and an eighth over a good track. But the important thing is not to make any firm comparison just yet, but rather to speculate about the unparalleled confrontation in September.

END

Feeling no pain—at last—Seattle Slew was an easy winner in his latest return to the races.

MAKING A BIG SPLASH IN EDMONTON

England's phenomenal Francis Daley Thompson earned decathlon hurrahs at the Commonwealth Games and Henry Rono won two golds **by KENNY MOORE**

Francis Daley Thompson, England's 20-year-old decathlete, sat back in his stadium seat and considered one unanticipated scourge of holding the British Commonwealth Games in Edmonton, Alberta. "U.S. college recruiters," he said uneasily, glancing over his shoulder at rows of glittering, covetous eyes. "They all say, 'We have a big football stadium,' as if that answers all my questions. 'But I don't play football,' I say, and they say they know, but if they have football they have everything else I could possibly want. Or if they don't, they'll get it."

Thompson, son of a Nigerian father and an English mother, increased the interest of the flock of vultures when he

won the Commonwealth decathlon last week with 8,467 points, 150 shy of Bruce Jenner's world-record 8,617. He is now history's third-best performer. More impressive than the score were his glaring flaws and compensatory brilliances, and the unshielded view he offered of his youthful psyche—all evidence of a great raw talent.

Perhaps that talent is best measured against Jenner's record, set in the Montreal Olympics. In the opening 100-meter dash, the thick-legged Thompson sprinted to a personal best of 10.50. Jenner had done 10.94 at Montreal. In the long jump, a strong 11.2-mph wind helped Thompson reach 26' 7½", almost three feet beyond Jenner's 23' 8½". The allowable wind in a decathlon is 8.9 mph, so Thompson's mark gets an asterisk, as does his 8,467.

Thompson put the shot 47' 4½", Jenner 50' 4½". Jenner high-jumped 6' 8". Thompson began shakily, barely scraping over 6' 2"; then, alternating splendid jumps with clunkers, he climbed to 6' 8". He cleared that on his second try and missed twice at 6' 9½", again looking sluggish. "I tend to forget what it is I'm doing out there," he said. But the crowd brought him to his senses and he made the height on his last chance, almost knocking the bar off when he raised his fist in celebration.

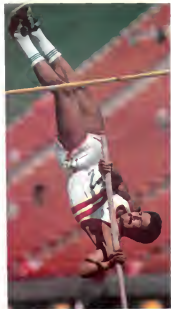
In the 400, the first day's final event, the wind appeared ready to take back what it had given in the long jump. A few minutes earlier runners in the open 400 had all finished about a second and a half slower than their bests, the result of plowing the first 200 meters into a 20-mph blast. Thompson started carefully, then hunched into the wind, passing the 200 in a modest 23.5. On the last turn, as the opposition began to tire, he alone



Thompson's leap by HELEN K. LECTON

held his form and moved away, finishing in 47.85. Jenner had done 47.51 in Montreal without an adverse wind. After the first day, Thompson's 4,550 points put him 253 ahead of Jenner's pace. "I am surprised," said Thompson, who didn't seem so at all. "But I'm still a first-day performer, a sprinter-jumper. Give me time and I'll be a decathlete."

It was not that Thompson came apart on the second day, simply that his inexperience in events requiring polished technique kept him from a world record. In the high hurdles he hit the first barrier, went off balance and nicked eight of the next nine, finishing in 14.92. "I was ready for 14.6," he said. "I was thinking about winning. I should have been thinking about hurdling." Jenner had done 14.84. In the discus, where Jenner had thrown



Only 20, decathlete Thompson does not expect to reach his peak until the 1988 Olympic Games



164' 2". Thompson managed 136' 9".

"Horrible, wasn't it?" he said. "It is an event that takes years to develop." But then Thompson grants himself a long and rich career, saying, "I don't expect to peak until I'm 30—in 1988."

In the pole vault Jenner had cleared 15' 9"; Thompson also did 15' 9" despite an approach run filled with veers and gallops. "It's like he's jousting," said an observer. "Or maybe there are a couple of streams running across his practice runway at home and he's used to jumping them." It seemed Thompson could make 17 feet if he used a stiffer pole, a faster run... "and a bit more courage," as he said. "I had a broken wrist in December, and this is only the third time I've vaulted this year."

In the javelin, another event of del-

A weary Rono (No. 277, above and at right) won the steeplechase and—despite having had four beers the night before the race—the 5,000.

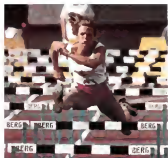
icate technique. Jenner had thrown 224' 9" at Montreal. Thompson got a personal best, but it was only 185' 8½". That left him needing 4:05.8 in the 1,500 to break Jenner's record. His previous best was 4:20.2. On the starting line he all but conceded. "I couldn't do it," he said, "and an all-out effort would only put me close. That would be worse than missing by a lot." So Thompson ran within himself, with a jolting, pigeon-toed stride, to 4:25.78. He finished strongly, employing Jenner's arms-up gesture of triumph, then led his weary competitors on a victory lap. Against their haggard faces, his was still boyish, still eager.



Later, sitting in the stands before the start of the 5,000 meters, Thompson said, "There's not much Jenner can beat me in now. Just the discus and the javelin."

Thompson escaped London's tough Notting Hill Gate area—where he ate very few Wheaties—into a private boarding school, Farney Close, and now lives

continued



in Sussex, south of London. His cheeky guarantees of greatness are delivered with statistics. He has broken the world junior record each year for the last two and is by far the youngest decathlete ever to attain 8,400 points.

"It's been great," Thompson said of Edmonton's reaction to his performance. "Free lunches, free cab rides. I don't bother to carry any money anymore. I hope no one breaks the world record in the 5,000."

Why not?

"Well, he'd be the star of the Games, wouldn't he?"

Thompson had to do as the star, though, because there was only one world record set during the 10-day competition—Australian swimmer Tracey Wickham's 8:24.62 in the women's 800-meter freestyle. Edmonton did have a pair of local stars to cherish, however. Breast-stroker Graham Smith, a 20-year-old business major at the University of California, won a record six gold medals (the 100 and 200 breaststroke, 200 and 400 individual medleys and legs on the 400 freestyle and 400 medley relays) while swimming in a pool named for his late father, Dr. Don Smith. And Diane Jones Konihowski won four of the pentathlon's five events and achieved the best score in the world this year, 4,768 points.

Like Thompson, Konihowski appears

capable of a world record. She was sixth in the Montreal Olympics, but since the 200-meter dash has been replaced by the 800 in pentathlons, she has no weak event. Konihowski basked in glory all week, as she was the runner who carried the ceremonial silver-and-gold baton into the stadium during the opening ceremonies—delivering it to the Queen—and then danced to all hours with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. She spoke with the Queen again upon receiving her medal.

"What did she say to you?" she was asked.

"She really just smiles a lot," said Konihowski.

The best that Donald Quarrie, the Olympic 200-meter champion from Jamaica, could manage was a half-smile. Trying for his third 100/200 double win in three Commonwealth Games, he found the 100 a rematch against Olympic champion Hasely Crawford of Trinidad and Tobago. They drew the same semifinal. Crawford got out fastest.

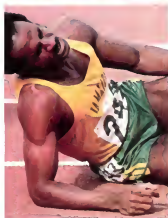
"I'm gon' get you," said Crawford at 70 meters.

Quarrie took five hard strides and shot past. "No you're not," he said, chiding index finger wagging. In the stands furious betting broke out among Jamaicans and Trinidadians and Tobagonians. One nervous neutral held \$1,000 by the time of the final.

Crawford drew the same inside lane he had in Montreal. Quarrie was again across the track in lane 8. "I wasn't going to let Montreal happen again," said Quarrie. "There I passed Borrow and thought I had it, but I didn't see Hasely way over to the left. Here I wasn't going to look. Just run."

Crawford got off best. Quarrie came flying. Crawford thought he had won and held up an arm in conquest. Quarrie thought he had won and took a victory lap. All kinds of money changed hands, then changed back as the results were unannounced. Quarrie won in a wind-aided 10.03, while Crawford was timed in 10.09. Between them, in 10.07, was a 26-year-old converted long-jumper from Scotland named Allan Wells. Wells uses no starting blocks because they don't feel comfortable to him, trains his reflexes by punching a speed bag for half an hour a day and displays a refreshing unsprinter-like humility. "To get a silver medal in this field," he said, "is beyond my wildest dreams. Against Donald Quarrie nobody alive could do better."

continued



Konihowski (top) had the year's best pentathlon score. Quarrie won the 100 but went down with a cramp in the 200 and Montreal (left, bottom) outpaced Bory and Robinson in the 1500.



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That is against a sound Donald Quarrie. In the 200 semifinal, Quarrie leaped into the air with a cramp after 100 meters and didn't qualify for the final. Wells, after finishing the turn in something like 10 flat, held off Guyana's James Gillies in the stretch to win the gold in 20.12, also wind aided.

The race that all the distance runners wanted to win was the 5,000. Brendan Foster, the Games' 10,000 champion from England, was after it, as was teammate Mike McLeod. Both are from Gateshead, both are tall, fluid and tough. Foster, for five years England's best, is a gregarious soul, fond of puck running. McLeod is usually dour and silent, running only with his dog.

The weather conspired against the distance races. The 10,000 was slowed by heat. The steeplechase, made even more exhausting by high winds, was won by the incomparable Henry Rono in 8:26.5, followed by fellow Kenyans James Munyala and Kiprotich Rono (no relation).

Henry Rono admitted that he was tired of competing and was yearning for the season to end. As a result of his four world records this spring, he has been pursued from pillar to post by frantic meet promoters, shoe representatives and Kenyan officials. During summer races in Europe he picked up a sore knee, a sore hamstring, a sore calf.

"This man is headed for a breakdown," said a Finnish physiotherapist who has treated Rono. "He's had too many races."

But Rono races on. He won the 10,000 and steeplechase in the African Games, two weeks before Edmonton. "I don't think about records now," said Rono wearily. "Just about trying to win."

If anyone seemed capable of denying a vulnerable Rono the 5,000 at Edmonton, it was New Zealand's Rod Dixon, a faster finisher and now superbly fit. But as thunderheads gathered and huge warm raindrops began to fall on the runners assembling for the start, Dixon experienced an athlete's nightmare. He found that his bag, containing racing spikes, number, credentials and \$120 had been stolen. In a non-Olympic moment of flexibility, the start was delayed while a call went out for shoes—size 9½—and a black New Zealand singlet.

At length Dixon was equipped and the race began. Rono led after 300 meters. Foster raced ahead at 1,200. McLeod stayed a tight third. Dixon, in the pack,

felt horrible. "I was shaking in my legs," he said. "My guts started turning, from the wrench of the stung. And they were useless bloody shoes, jumper's shoes." He finished a blistered, tearful eighth.

Rono regained the lead after five laps and ran on unchallenged to win in 13:23.04. Teammate Mike Musyoki, second in the 10,000, outkicked Foster for his second silver. Rono was awarded his medal by Kipchoge Keeno, his inspiration and fan.

"I felt very bad today," Rono said, smiling, playful. "Last night there was a party and I danced a lot and had four beers and didn't get to sleep until 11 o'clock. I'm glad this is over."

Foster fixed Rono with a steady gaze. "I can say someone is going to beat him someday," he said. "But I can't say who, and I can't say how, and I can't say when."

The way to beat Filbert Bayi of Tanzania is to hang close and pray for rain. Bayi is running well, having escaped malaria attacks this summer. He won his 1,500 heat in 3:38.75 (his Commonwealth Games and world record is 3:32.2) and ran so gracefully that it looked 10 seconds slower. In the final Bayi planned to scorch the first lap in 53 seconds. But on Saturday, it rained, cold and hard.

"I hate rain," said Bayi. "If I train in it at home, I get chilled and then the malaria comes." So as planned, he led, but only with silken laps of 57.7, 57.6 and 58.7, a pace just within the capabilities of England's David Moorcroft and Scotland's John Robson. Moorcroft got a foot or two lead at the top of the stretch.

"The last 10 meters seemed like 100," said Bayi. Still, he held second by one-hundredth of a second from Robson. Moorcroft's winning time was 3:35.48 (the equivalent of a 3:53 mile). Bayi and Robson were were clocked in 3:35.59 and 3:35.60, respectively. Scotland's Frank Clement sprinted up the inside to hit 3:35.66, making the race the second-fastest of all time.

Later, Bayi said, "I think the 5,000 will be my favorite by 1980," adding that he half-regretted not taking a shot at Henry Rono. "He races too much, he trains so hard, so many miles," said Bayi. A careful, healthy world 1,500-meter record holder, he implied, such as Bayi himself, might be the man to topple the master.

"But I don't know when," he said. "That is what makes this life so entertaining."



Victor Simba, Henry Foster

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PUNISHMENT IS A CRIME

Intimidation! Gang tackling! Pursuit! Those are now bywords in football, much as "sportsmanship" once was

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Ideally, you should be able to play any game without referees or umpires. Officials of sport should make rulings, not serve as cops keeping athletes from maiming each other.

But that is exactly what is happening in football. It is naïve and dangerous to think otherwise. Certain practices of coaching and play have evolved that have increased the likelihood of injury. And the higher the level of play, the more brutal the practices. Yet football has not yet become Rollerball. Skill, not mayhem, is still its primary attraction.

But the game has changed. Skill and technique and teamwork have lost ground to intimidation and wanton aggression; ruthless play *within the rules* has led to unconscionable acts that have contributed to an injury rate that is now unacceptable—and to increasing litigation

by an increasingly litigious society. Football has become a game in which rule-maneuvering is so much a way of life that the men who coach it, and the men who play it, are often indifferent to the game's aberrations.

"The basic problem of football today," says Davey Nelson, the University of Delaware athletic director and secretary-editor of the NCAA Rules Committee, "is not to see if you can win within the rules, but to see how much you can get away with to help win."

The process by which permissible aggression becomes mayhem is not difficult to trace. Sometimes it can be found simply by listening to the young men who play the game:

Dean Payne is a linebacker at Northwestern. He is a sophomore from Chester, Pa. Says Payne, "All the coaches stress gang tackling. You're taught to be there at the ball—once you're there, you're not supposed to stare at it. You're supposed to pile on. It becomes a really violent state of mind—you really get fired up and motivated to get someone. Everyone accepts things like late hits as part of the game."

The college player advances into the pros, where his aggression is marketable and becomes a springboard to affluence. Jean Fugett, from Amherst, now is a tight end for the Washington Redskins.

"I never understood the real violence of the game until I played pro ball," Fugett told Charley McKenna of *The Milwaukee Sentinel*. "I had to work very hard to be aggressive. I used to have to start making up stuff like, 'This guy raped my mother' to get physical enough to really hit him. . . . Intimidation is the biggest part of the game. You can't let anyone get away with anything because

continued



Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh's wrist and hopes for a Heisman were shattered in Pitt's '77 opener in one quarter against Oklahoma. Texas lost two of its quarterbacks, including Mark McBeth (17)



everything you do is on film. If you let yourself be intimidated, the team you play next week will see it on the films and may try the same thing."

Fugett said that when he played for the Dallas Cowboys he tried to avoid brute force, to make blocks with finesse. He said his style did not sit well with Assistant Coach Mike Ditka, a former All-Pro tight end.

"Ditka was always saying I wasn't aggressive enough. Do you want to know how Ditka taught us how to block in Dallas? He told us to fire out and hit [the opponent] in the chest with our helmets,

then bring both arms up like this and hit [him] with both fists [in the groin]. Now I just couldn't do that, and I didn't. But if a guy does that to me, it's different. . . . This is one job where you can come to work every day and really take out your frustrations."

When he gets really good at it, the pro player becomes the consummate aggressor. He becomes Doug Plank, a defensive back for the Chicago Bears. Plank thinks of himself as "an excellent example of a player who plays within the rules . . . the way I'm taught." Not everybody agrees with Plank's self-evaluation.

Plank says, "The only specialty teams I play on are the kickoff returns and, every now and then, a punt return. I don't want a team to be able to send two or three guys after me. My reputation got to be a problem. My coaches understand, so it wasn't hard to get them to pull me off [other specialty teams]. They joked about it. 'Yeah, if we put you out there, they'll stick all 11 guys on you.'"

"Opposing players complain about my hits. They complain to me. But I don't really feel I'm at fault if there is no penalty called."

"[Last year] there was a wide receiver



Tape and fiber glass turn forearms into cudgels.



Ohio State's Rod Gerald was bedded on the option.



who'd been trying to come down on me all day, throwing [himself] around my legs. There was one play in particular—a play that was almost over, and that I had had no part in—where he went out of his way to go for me. I started to think, 'I wonder how he would like it if I started throwing at his knees.' On a kickoff return, I realized that once I had my man blocked I was pretty much free to do whatever I wanted ... so I found out where the wide receiver was [and] came running up behind him. He was the contain man. He didn't see me coming. Just as he was turning inside to face the ballcarrier—it was completely legal—I blindsided him and knocked him on the ground. He got up and said, 'Before the game's over I'm going to knock out one of your knees.' What can you say to that? I made sure I kept my eyes on him the rest of the game.

"[But] what I did to the wide receiver is what the coaches might even call second effort. He was the second guy I took out on that play. The coaches like to see that."

From the twisted logic of "get away with what you can," it is a short hop to malicious mischief, and from there to the deviations that poison a sport. Some of the more recent cases are familiar to fans of televised football:

- The Cardinals' Tim Kearney clotheslines Eagle Running Back Dave Hampton, crashing a forearm into the side of Hampton's neck. Hampton is unconscious for seven minutes before being carried off the field on a stretcher. Kearney defends the blow as "perfectly

continued

Steubach no longer has the ball, but pay he must

legal." From the hospital, Hampton says, "That's football."

- Mel Morgan of the Bengals throws a forearm into the face of Steeler Receiver John Stallworth, who has just caught a pass. Morgan gets a penalty and a suspension, Stallworth a concussion. Moments later, Mel Blount of the Steelers kayos Bengal Tight End Bob Trumpy. The score is even.

- In retaliation for his late hit on Oakland Quarterback Ken Stabler, Cleveland Defensive End Joe (Turkey) Jones is speared in the back by Oakland Guard Gene Upshaw.

- Pittsburgh Defensive Tackle Joe Greene pummels Denver Center Mike Montre after he has already punched out Guard Paul Howard. Greene says it is "under the heading of taking care of yourself." He says he was "being held illegally" and thus "had to go outside the rules."

- The Cardinals' Conrad Dobler hits Dolphin Linebacker Bob Matheson in the head and draws a penalty. Later in the game when Matheson and Dobler lock horns, a bench-clearing brawl erupts.

Football has always been appropriately outraged by such acts. Bulletins are sent out deploring them. Administrators demand answers. Suspensions and fines are levied. The forearm blow Oakland Defensive Back George Atkinson delivered to Pittsburgh Receiver Lynn Swann's head was immortalized on instant replay and, two years later, still draws bitter references. Darrell Royal: "It was lethal, malicious. There was nothing brave or daring about it, nothing tough about that kind of play. A tough guy looks you in the eye, plays you jaw-to-jaw. It's a tough game. But that wasn't football."

People bought tickets to that game expecting to see football. But more and more, what they are getting is a game that has demeaned itself by condoning borderline infractions and ignoring the confused ethics of men like Doug Plank.

Gene Calhoun, a lawyer who has been refereeing in the Big Ten since 1963, is a voice in the wilderness, crying out for sanity. "If they wanted to clear up all excessive violence in football," says Calhoun, "they could do it with one 30-second bulletin: FROM NOW ON, NO LATE HITS. A guy's down, he's down. We're not go-

ing to let you demolish a player anymore. We're going to call 'holding' every time we see it, so don't hold. Don't frustrate players into retaliating. No more hits out of bounds. No more extra hits on quarterbacks. No more piling on. No more gang tackling when a back is clearly in the grasp of a tackler and going down. We're going to put a greater burden on a player to know when to let up, when not to use his body or head as a weapon.

"An official's first responsibility is to the players' safety. He gets a bulletin like that, and he calls a game accordingly. An official can call a game as close as he is asked to. But he wouldn't even try if the coaches weren't going to go along. No official is going to martyr himself. He has to have coaches cooperating up and down the line.

"I have a great respect for coaches. I've never had to call one of them for unsportsmanlike conduct on the field. I've never had one argue with me over a personal foul—the cheap shots everybody hates. But the trouble doesn't begin there. It begins on the practice field, where the player is trained. I've seen coaches in practice hold on to a boy's neck, then shove him onto a pile-up [and say] 'That's what I mean by being aggressive! That's what I want!'

"It's wrong, it's dangerous, and it's illegal, but when a player knows that's what the coach wants, he's going to do it. He'll take advantage of every chance.

"You see a ballcarrier go down on a slip, and the defensive player knows he's going down. But he comes up and pops the runner anyway, takes that free shot and hurts him. 'Aggressive play.' Even if the flag had gone down, it wouldn't have prevented the injury. Flags don't prevent injuries. Coaching would have prevented the injury."

Coaches are not monsters. As a group, they are probably as honorable and caring as most. Breaking rules can get them beat or fired. Or both. The great majority think of their calling as a high one, entrusted as they are with the development of young men.

But coaches at almost every level, from high school up, are under great pressure to win. Dan Devine of Notre Dame says, "When a coach starts out, he sees what coaches do and he says, 'I'll do anything to win.' So he cheats. He teaches win at any cost. When he's older, his career is in the balance. He says, 'I'll do anything

to stay in.' " The margin for error is painfully thin. Vince Lombardi said that "Winning is not everything, it's the only thing," and although it might put a terrible strain on sportsmanship to accept the corollary that for every winner there has to be a loser, it is an accepted battle cry of coaches. Coaches are ever alert for a leg up, for the "competitive edge," for what is known in the business as "the fair advantage."

The consequence is a desperate kind of existence. Transferred to the field, to the game itself, desperation and win-or-else intensity combine with the high physical properties of the game to produce a war ethic that gets people hurt.

Rare is the coach who sees this. Lee Corso of Indiana does. Like Calhoun, Corso puts the injury problem squarely in the coach's lap—in effect, his own.

"When you have a cancer, you cut it out," says Corso, "you don't put a bandage over it because it won't heal. It all starts with the coaches. What they do dictates what the players do. But we don't cut 'em out. We find a coach is a habitual crook, and we put him on probation, and the next year he's coaching in an All-Star game. We glorify people who have broken the rules. Until we stop doing that, we'll have bums setting examples."

Most coaches accept injury. They complain about it, alibi it, and pay respects to its seriousness, but they accept it. They stand sympathetically over the fallen bodies of their players and call it "the breaks." As the casualty lists mount, they become even more stoical.

Last season, after losing Heisman Trophy candidate Matt Cavanaugh and 24 other players for one game or more, Pitt's Jackie Sherrill called it "the normal risk of football." Villanova's Dick Bedesem said of the rising tide of knee injuries, "I don't think there's anything much you can do." At Duquesne's University of Delaware, Coach Tubby Raymond said he thought "Everything that can be done to make football safe is being done. I personally feel there's a great deal more made out of the danger of football than there really is."

Compounding this reluctance to face reality is an inherent suspicion coaches have of rule changes. The result is that they maintain a death grip on the status quo. Clipping was first taught by Walter Camp in 1908, but it was not outlawed until 1949. The crackback block, mar-

derous on knees and nothing more than a legal clip, was not outlawed until 1971 in the colleges, 1974 in the pros. Fearful of change, of having "proven" methods taken from them, coaches, it has been said, would defend a blackback to the hilt of the skull if it had been "done that way" in the past.

The analogy, of course, is ridiculous. Or is it?

Consider the knee. According to the Stanford Research Institute's report, 25% of lost-time injuries to pro football players involve the knee. It is the part of an athlete's body most susceptible to serious injury, and hardly suited to football. The Detroit Lions have had 22 knee operations in the last three years; the Miami Dolphins had 11 in 1976. Of the 26 lost-time injuries that ruined a good Maryland team last year, 13 were below the waist. "But I don't know how we could have eliminated them," said Coach Jerry Claiborne. In a game with Texas A&M in late October, undermanned underdog SMU took a 21-7 lead in the second quarter—and then suffered knee or leg injuries to six defensive starters and lost 38-21. "We were going down like chopped wheat," said Mustang Coach Ron Meyer.

Knee injuries are death on careers. In his eight years with the St. Louis Cardinals, Defensive Back Jerry Stovall broke his nose, lost five teeth, fractured his cheekbone, broke a clavicle, ripped his sternum, broke seven ribs, broke a big toe three times and suffered 11 broken fingers. But it was a knee injury that ended his career in 1971. Knee operations are a dime a dozen—not in cost, but in frequency. Miami Dolphin defensive stars Dick Anderson and Mike Koken have had three each in the last four years, and they're both retiring before their time, unhealed. Kansas City's E. J. Holub still limps after a record 12 knee operations. After four operations and an abrupt retirement from the San Diego Chargers, Kevin Hardy, then 29, told *The Washington Post* in 1974 that he experienced almost constant pain, could not run, could not enjoy a round of golf without a cart, could not join his non-football-playing friends skiing or playing tennis or frolicking with their sons. He said he had truly learned "what all those coaches meant when they said you had to pay the price."

Knee injuries are also an increasing

basis for lawsuits. In 1974 Dick Butkus sued the Chicago Bears for \$1.6 million over his crippled knee, charging that improper medical treatment had caused irreparable damage. He settled for \$600,000. In 1977 Bill Eynart won a \$770,000 judgment against the Oakland Raiders and their orthopedic surgeon because of a failure to diagnose a torn ligament that ended his career in 1972. This year Bubba Smith sued the NFL, two game officials, one of whom was the down-marker holder, and the Tampa Sports Authority for \$2.5 million, claiming a damaged knee—hurt when he hit a yard marker in an exhibition game in Tampa in 1972—had rendered his 270-pound dreadnought of a body ineffective for anything except weather forecasting. Smith said he could tell 12 hours in advance that rain was coming because of the arthritis he said was a consequence of his injury. His trial resulted in a hung jury.

Yet, says Art McNally, the NFL's supervisor of officials, "It has been shown by studies that only 1% of injuries were on plays that were illegal." McNally had been asked if perhaps NFL officials had been lax in calling certain infractions—piling on, late hits, forward progress, etc.—tight enough and with sufficient concern for players' safety. He was defending his officials, but in doing so he was leaving himself wide open. If 99% of these injuries are from "legal" hits, isn't it time to ask whether they should be legal?

Middle Guard Dan Relich of Wisconsin certainly is one who questions where the line should be drawn. Relich was considered one of the best defensive linemen in the Big Ten going into the 1977 season. Wisconsin was playing Ohio State. The Ohio State quarterback rolled out, the center blocked Relich, "straightening him up." Relich put his hands on the center's shoulders to find him off. He was rigid from the waist down when an Ohio State guard pivoted and blocked down into his knee. The tactic is called a "chop block" by some coaches, a "cut block" by others. It finished Relich for the season.

Ordinarily, players suffer in silence over such injuries. They check into the hospital, take their medicine, count their stitches and keep their mouths shut. Not

Relich. "It was a bush thing to do," he said. "It comes with the uniform. You expect to get hurt, but you don't expect it to happen like this. Ohio State has so much talent that you wonder why they have to resort to things like this. It shows a real lack of class. I'll remember it."

Relich said he experienced the same kinds of blocks from Michigan State. "They were on the back of my knees every other play. My knees were so sore and swollen I couldn't practice until Wednesday."

The chop block is legal.

John Jardine, who resigned as the Wisconsin coach with two games left in the 1977 season, took the diplomatic route traveled by his colleagues on such controversial matters. Jardine called the chop block that got Relich "an effective weapon, so it's not easy to say it shouldn't be used, or that someone was using it with that intent. When you cut in on a guy like that, you do take him out of the play."

The same type of legal clip cost Washington's Rose Bowl team its nose guard, Cliff Bethea, and his replacement, David Smith. Darrell Royal has watched the chop block grow in favor in college football and says, "The coach who teaches or condones it ought to have it done to him once or twice."

"Coaches have to ask themselves, 'Are we trying to keep this guy off the passer, or are we trying to put him on crutches?' It's the philosophy we have to find out about. If we don't have sportsmanship, we don't have a game. The players aren't fooled. They know the destruction they can do with those [techniques]. If it's not taught, it's condoned, and that's the same thing."

Dr. William Clancy, the team physician at Wisconsin, decries brutal practices but admits that the problem of changing the game without "reducing it to tag ball" is a rightful concern of coaches. "They're afraid doctors will go off half-cocked," he says.

But left to their own devices, coaches are not likely to go off at all. How many ribs were crushed and spleens ruptured before spearing was disallowed? How many more will go before the helmet is legislated out of the hit business entirely? How many ligaments were torn before crackback blocks were outlawed, and how many more will go before all downfield blocking below the waist is eliminated?

continued

Given the growing prospects of intervention by the courts, coaches can no longer afford to ignore medical evidence. To paraphrase Dr. Clancy, "We're not coaches, but they're not doctors, either." The rules of football are not immutable. The administration of any game has as its first tenet of rule-making the question: Is it safe for those who play it? To keep a sport healthy as well as attractive, the definition of what is "legal" often has to be based on what is "necessary." In light of the medical evidence, the growing number of liability suits and the soaring cost of insurance, the following "necessities" should be examined.

Is it necessary to block any player below the waist on any downfield play?

Former Coach of the Year Ara Parseghian doesn't think so. Parseghian says below-the-waist blocks outside the legal clipping zone—four yards on either side of the center, three yards on either side of the line of scrimmage—are not necessary at all. "On any play where there's a scramble of 22 men," he says, "blindside hits and unprotected hits on knees occur." Florida Coach Doug Dickey thinks that, anyway, the more effective block in that circumstance is "the one where you go through your man, not down at his knees." In January of 1977 the American Football Coaches Association recommended a ban on below-the-waist blocks, but the proposal was overwhelmingly defeated by the NCAA Rules Committee. The NFL has no formal proposals on such a rule change under consideration.

Is the chop block necessary?

No, says Corso. No, says Dickey. No, says Parseghian. Royal and Washington's Don James. No, says Wisconsin Middle Guard Dan Relich. No, no, no.

The rollop block, in which an offensive lineman "rolls" up the back of a defender's legs, is similar in concept. It also is not necessary.

Is it necessary for a third, and even a fourth, 260-pound lineman to help two other 260-pounders put away a ball-carrier when he's already trapped or on the way down?

Norm Evans, the veteran Seattle Seahawk offensive tackle and All-Pro, thinks not. Evans is "bugged" by all the piling on he sees in football, the redundant hits on ballcarriers and quarterbacks. He thinks a greater burden should be put on defensive players to make them more

aware of the obvious. Should they not know that when they deliver that extra blow they might be doing unnecessary harm? That because they're in the neighborhood doesn't mean they have to crash the party? Should they not be as aware of bounds markers as offensive players? Would it be too much to ask that they realize the ballcarrier is going out of bounds anyway and that it is not necessary to ride him another five yards out?

Late, redundant hits go hand in glove with gang tackling, a tactic spawned by Southern college coaches years ago and given widespread respectability under the euphemism "pursuit." Pursuit is an incontrovertible virtue of defense. The trouble with pursuit is that it often translates into vicious finishing-off blows on backs whose momentum has already been stopped. Contrary to popular belief, the whistle does not have to be blown to signify a player is down. The whistle is to alert everybody that the play is over, not to signify that a ballcarrier's momentum has been stopped.

Once gang tackling became widespread, it was increasingly difficult to distinguish late hits and piling on from momentum. Coaches teach getting to the ball; officials know that. Too often, says San Diego State Trainer Bob Moore, the late hit is regarded as "a sign of team defense instead of a potentially dangerous act of overaggression."

The game, says Moore, is "wrapped up emotionally" in these tactics. "Combine that with officials not calling the late hits, and you have a dangerous situation. The injury does not always happen then. It takes a roll later on—the aspect of prolonged punishment. A player who has been hit end-on for three quarters might try to make an unusual dodge late in the game, take a clumsy step, get hit awkwardly and tear up a knee. I've seen it happen. All this could have started with a piling on early in the game."

Woody Hayes once said that a player good enough to make the Ohio State team "is good enough to change directions in midair." When John Ray was defensive coach at Notre Dame, he said that players like Alan Page, "as good as they are today, can be taught anything—to stop on a dime if you tell them." That being the case, would it be politic to ask them to do exactly that—to turn away

from a pileup, to resist taking the "free shot" that momentum allows?

Is it necessary for a defensive player to unload on a receiver when it is obvious the ball is overthrown?

The colleges now have a rule against this practice, making the defender responsible for knowing where the ball is. The pros don't.

Is it necessary to tackle players who don't have the ball, just because they might get it?

Lou Holtz of Arkansas can tell you why he doesn't think so, although this is a favored tactic in the college game, where blindside hits on trailbacks in the option play are allowed. Indeed, the accepted defense against the wishbone or veer is to wipe out the quarterback on every play, whether he keeps the ball or not, and blindside the trailback before he gets it.

"It's legal," says Holtz, "but it's not ethical."

Is it necessary? If you are a defensive coach having to face an Alabama or Oklahoma wishbone, you might say yes, but Doug Dickey says there's another way. He thinks a defensive player responsible for the trailback can play the option as he would cover a pass receiver: go for the pitch if you wish, but if you play the man, just establish your ground until he gets the ball. If he runs into you beforehand, that's his fault. "There's no need to hit the pitch man on every play. Look at it from his standpoint. How would a linebacker like being blindsided time after time, sometimes when the play is past him?"

Is any blow to the head necessary?

Dubious helmet use in blocking and tackling was covered in Part I of this series, but the head is open to other needless attacks. Clubbing, the forearm blow to the neck, has been outlawed in colleges since 1949, but vestiges of it are still around. Fred Akers, the Texas coach, says he "cringes" when he sees rival teams come on the field "with their arms taped to the elbows. I know it's going to be a long day. You should see some of the forearms [hits] we get on ballcarriers, frame by frame. It makes you want to throw up."

In its most virulent expression (the Atkinson and Morgan cases), clubbing has been "cracked down on" in the NFL, according to McNally, but Tom Landry still sees it happening. "They should call a

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penalty for every blow to a player's head," the Cowboy coach says. "If officials don't stop it," says his assistant, Ernie Allen, "some Sunday some bull-carrier or receiver is going to lose his life."

The overall picture is clear: the rules of the game do not protect the players. The rules are not always "fair" to both parties in the more than 2,000 separate one-on-one hits that are made in the course of a normal football game. The rules need revision. So, it would seem, does the degree of punishment.

John Unatus says the easiest way to stop the foul play of the more brutal players is to "throw them out of the game. That would cure it." Doug Plank, although perhaps an unlikely advocate, agrees. "It would be like enforcing the death penalty," he says. "Right now you practically have to hit somebody on the back and trample on his head to get thrown out. If an official came up [and warned me what would happen] I might not like it, but I'd make damn sure that whatever he was watching [out for] I didn't do in that game."

But what good is a 15-yard penalty for clipping if your player is on his back with a torn knee? Herman Rohrig, the Big Ten's supervisor of officials, says, "We have to impress on players and coaches that football is not an exercise in annihilation." Coaches get more safety conscious when it costs them 15 yards. A way to impress them further might be a 20-yard penalty. Would a player think twice before aiming a forearm at someone's neck if he knew it would cost his team 20 yards—or even 30? Would a 30-yard penalty make a coach more conscious of his humanity?

Would the following be likely to happen this coming New Year's Day? In 1965 Texas played Alabama in the Orange Bowl. It was the last college game for the Tide's Joe Namath. He had just come off knee surgery. Bear Bryant tells how Darrell Royal warned his Texas players before the game, "If anybody hits Namath's knee, he's on the bench. We'll win without that." Namath lasted the game and came within a foot of a touchdown that would have beaten Texas in the last minute.

In commenting on the current atmosphere, Royal, who is now Texas' ath-

letic director, says, "So-and-so [coach of a rival team] was showing films on his highlight show last season. He came to a really vicious hit on a player. The player's helmet flew off. So-and-so laughed, and ran it again."

Such attitudes become license, says Royal. License leads to injury. It begins with the simplest unsportsmanlike acts, acts that are sanctioned by their toleration. What Stanford Coach Bill Walsh calls "the theatrics of the game. Standing over an injured player and using profane language. Pointing to a beaten cornerback after catching a pass. Tactics intended to diminish or physically hurt players. Fifteen or 20 years ago, you could name one or two dirty players on a team. Now there's continuous talking, insults and, before you know it, a clothesline from behind. Or a tackle on a player who is helpless, or when he doesn't expect to be hit without the ball."

Such play not only psychs the crowd to demand more theatrics, says Royal, but acts as a career boost for the perpetrators. "We glamorize hoodlums, the guys who foul and held. The worst examples of sportsmanship become our heroes. The way Conrad Dobler plays is nothing to emulate."

College people tend to blame the pros for the spread of these aberrations. They are probably not far wrong. SEC Referee Pete Williams says he is appalled by what he sees passing for sportsmanship in the NFL. "Everybody says football is a violent game. It wasn't meant to be. It was meant to be a game of skill and speed and physical prowess. It has become a violent game. A game of intimidation. I watch the pros and it makes me sick. A guy is going down, a 260-pounder hits him anyway. Receivers are clobbered to 'make 'em think.' The hayhook, the hammer, the clothesline—those things were coined by the pros, and they get copied."

Gene Calhoun of the Big Ten sees these "influences" filtering down rapidly. "I don't think it stops at the college level," he says. "It filters all the way down. There's a high school coach in our area who has a Hitter of the Week award. He puts a picture of his most vicious tackler on a wall."

Plank blames his own notoriety on the permissiveness of play in the pros. "The professional game is less controlled," says Plank. "[As a result] in some games

there's an outright bad feeling between players. I don't think most of us in college [Plank played at Ohio State] could have gotten away with the kinds of hits I make now."

"The thing that really shocked me [in the NFL] was the way players talked to officials. The language. That just wasn't tolerated in college football. Officials were held in much higher respect. I think that would be one good thing to re-institute into the game: respect for officials. But if the rules aren't enforced, how can you?"

There is more than passing concern in football that the breakdown in sportsmanship that promotes injury is at least partly traceable to the failing respect for those who officiate the game. NFL officials earn as much as \$17,000 a year (at a rate of \$325 to \$800 a game) in part-time employment. Their counterparts in college believe trouble lurks when such a handsome subsidy becomes built into a way of life, making an individual vulnerable, even acquiescent to abuse. College officials don't usually "need" the \$150 to \$250 a game they get in the major conferences. Williams, an engineer, says, "Half the officials in the SEC probably make more than the presidents of the schools [whose games they officiate]." But of the NFL officials, Gene Calhoun says, "I suspect that you can get pretty dependent on \$17,000 a year."

The implication is clear enough: NFL officials are willing to put up with more. Says one coach, "As you progress up the ladder from high school to college to pro, you see officials grow more liberal in their interpretation of the rules, and that is a dangerous thing."

Players obviously sense this. Once they know the cops won't shoot, the looting begins for real. The most prominent recent example of the disrespectful player is Pittsburgh's Mean Joe Greene. NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle says Greene is not mean at all but really a swell fellow. But Greene keeps making him out a liar. Not caring for some calls made against him in a game with the Colts last year, Mean Joe was quoted in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* as saying, "Given half the chance, I'll punch one of them [officials] out, and it'd give me a whole lot of satisfaction." He said if they got in his way he'd "cleat 'em in the spine. I won't go around them." He said he was "on a crusade against the striped shirts,

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2) What NFL team wears pantyhose?

3) How old is George Allen?

4) How many NFL coaches lost their jobs during the last year?

5) What NFL team receives the most fan mail?

6) In what cities or towns do the Detroit Lions, the New England Patriots, the Dallas Cowboys, the Buffalo Bills, the Minnesota Vikings and the New York Giants play their home games?

7) In the Frank's Gettag, Old Department, name the son of one of Frank Gafford's former N.Y. Giants teammates who was a first-round selection in this year's NFL draft?

8) When does Monday night come on Thursday?

9) When does Monday night come on Sunday?

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All right, now, time's up. Who has the answers?

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We'll try, sir. But now the answers please.

"Number one. Because of the cold weather, O.J. Simpson never cleared more than three counters in one jump when he played for Buffalo. On his first attempt in San Francisco, though, O.J. easily hurdled seven United Airlines counters and three Travelers Ad booths."

Sir, you're one for one.

"Number two. The New York Jets wore pantyhose late last season because, they said, it kept them warm."

Sir, you're two for two.

"George Allen claims that he is 56, but according to his college records he is really 60."

Right you are, sir. Now you're three for three.

"Ten of the NFL's 28 coaches lost their jobs over the last year, mainly because they lost too many games. And the way things go these days, ten more coaches probably will lose their jobs this year."

Sir, you're amazing. Four for four.

"Number five is easy. The Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders receive 34 sacks of mail each day of the week—or 33½ more sacks of mail than the Dallas Cowboys themselves. Because of the nationwide popularity of the Cowboy cheerleaders, the Dallas post office has had to hire an additional 10 full-time clerks."

Sir, you are unbelievable. That's five for five.

"The answer to Number six is one of the first things that third graders learn in geography class. The Detroit Lions play in Pontiac. The New England Patriots play in Foxboro, which is a suburb of Providence—not Boston. The Dallas Cowboys play in Irving. The Buffalo Bills play in the snow in Orchard Park. The Minnesota Vikings play on a tundra in Bloomington. And the New York Giants play in a swamp in East Rutherford, which is in New Jersey."

What can I say? That's six for six.

"Number seven is a good question. Let's say Kyle Rote's son, Kyle abandoned football to become a professional soccer player... Summerall... Webster... Modzelewski... Huff... Griener... Conerty... Now I've got it... Ken Mac Atie, the Notre Dame tight end, the namesake son of the former Giant receiver, and the No. 1 pick of the S E 49'ers."

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- 4413 Bob McAdoo
- 4414 Elvin Hayes
- 4415 Jamaal Wilkes
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of what they are going to say? What replays will make the air? When will we do commercials? What will we be doing at halftime in addition to the Sunday highlights?"

Forte, who produces many telecasts for ABC Sports, including most of its boxing presentations, believes that one of the key functions of the Producer during a Monday Night Football game is "to listen to the announcers, to keep them on the right track." Says Forte, "The Producer must keep pace with the tenor of the broadcast. Is one guy talking too much? Is one guy on the air too much? If so, the Producer has got to step in and stop it."

For his part, Forte has won six Emmy Awards for Outstanding Directing of Sports Programming and one for his work on Monday Night Football. As Director of Monday Night Football, Forte is in charge of the dozen-or-so camera positions, cutting the live picture and bringing the event to life for the 43 million-or-so Americans who are camped in front of their television sets.

Neither Forte nor Lewin played football in college—or in the NFL. The 42-year-old Forte was an All-American basketball guard at Columbia University during the 1950s, and one year he averaged 28.9 points-per-game—third in the nation in scoring. Only 5' 9", Forte dazzled opponents with his speed and an

unbelievably-accurate two handed set shot, a weapon that has long disappeared from the basketball scene. Forte never did play in the NBA.

The 33-year-old Lewin was the manager of the hockey team during his undergraduate days at Michigan State University. On one occasion the coach of the Spartans, Arno Bessone, threatened to fire Lewin when he found him tasting a beer with Michigan State players following losses on the road.

For the Producer and the Director, a Monday Night Football game actually begins with the survey of the stadium where the game will be played. "Because we have done about 150 Monday Night games since the series began, we have surveys of most stadiums on file in our offices," says Lewin. "But say we were to do a Monday Night game from, oh, Giants Stadium, where we've never done a game before. We'd have to go there—Chet or myself—and survey everything."

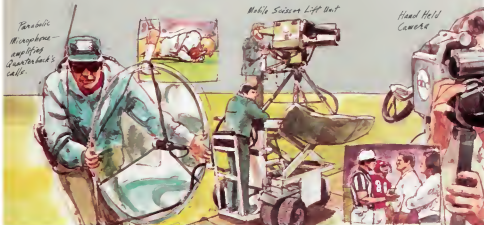
"A survey entails everything from picking specific camera locations to working with home club officials as to where we can and cannot place our cameras, to where the trucks will be parked, to where the cables can and cannot run. A survey is done in connection with our engineering staff."

"Every park has its own strangeness. Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington,

where the Vikings play, obviously is a baseball park and was not built for football. As a result, the way the field runs, we have to place some cameras in the press box, some in the stands and some overhead in the upper deck. We also have to build scaffolds in both end zones for our regular end zone cameras. Until we came on the scene the Vikings never permitted the networks to use a camera on a golf cart along the sidelines. The field in Minnesota is turfed back, and the Vikings were concerned that a golf cart roaming the sidelines would obstruct the view of the fans in the first few rows of seats.

"I surveyed the stadium and met several times on the matter of the sideline cart with Jim Finks, who then was the General Manager of the Vikings. We worked out a compromise. Normally we have a golf cart with a platform and a camera atop the platform, with a man standing on the platform and operating the camera. The compromise was this: for games in Minnesota, we mount a camera on a cart but the man walks alongside the cart—he doesn't stand up on the platform. This way there is no real obstruction between the first rows of seats and the playing field.

Although Lewin and Forte do not totally immerse themselves into a Monday Night game until the Sunday morning before the game when they board a plane and leave for the game site, they do spend many hours thinking about the telecast



earlier in the week—as do the announcers.

Early in the week I have to decide what I want to open the telecast with," says Lewin. "Sometimes we'll open the show with what we call a 'tease'—a film or tape footage or something lively that's a grabber, that will tell the people at home, 'This is what you're going to see tonight!'"

"If O.J. Simpson is playing in the game, maybe we'll 'tease' some dynamite run. I thought one of our best openings last year was the Minnesota-at-Detroit game that the Vikings had to win or else face the prospect of missing the playoffs. We did an opening with Fran Tarkenton, who was injured and couldn't play, and had him tell how important the game was to the Vikings and how they would try to play against the Lions. It was very different, and also very effective."

There are logical ways to open a show once you get a few weeks into the season. How the teams are doing, how individuals are doing, game records, individual records, long-standing rivalries, etc. But for the opening game you're more or less on your own."

Lewin discusses possible approaches with Forte, and they both review the videotape of the previous Monday Night game.

The announcers, meanwhile, prepare differently. Play-by-play man Frank Giff-

ord goes to NFL Headquarters on Park Avenue in New York and watches game films of the teams that will be involved in the upcoming Monday Night game. He also calls the involved public relations directors, the coaches, certain players. On the other hand, Howard Cosell prepares by making phone calls to—or, more often, taking phone calls from—general managers, coaches, owners and the like. No one at ABC knows how Dandy Don Meredith prepares for a game.

On Sunday morning Lewin and Forte arrive in the city where the Monday Night Game will be played. They immediately repair to Lewin's hotel suite and watch whatever football telecasts are available on the local NBC and CBS outlets. Oftentimes they will be able to see two games simultaneously. They take notes on key plays, in order to request that those plays be included in the filmed highlights package that will be transmitted to them sometime between 4 p.m. and game-time on Monday.

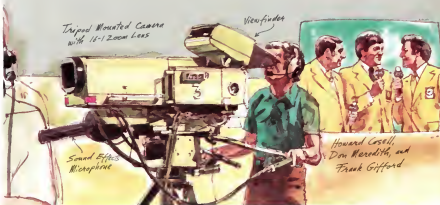
At the conclusion of the Sunday telecasts, Lewin and Forte jump into a cab and go to the stadium for the regular Sunday night rehearsal. "The technical crew has been in town since Saturday," says Forte, "and by Sunday night at nine o'clock everything has been completely set up. We have our rehearsal precisely at 9 p.m.—and our engineering checkout, too—because we want to do it under

what will be the game conditions regarding lighting effects."

The next morning—game morning—at 11 o'clock, Lewin holds a full-scale production meeting in his hotel suite. Basically, Lewin apprises the announcing talent of the format of the telecast. "For instance, for the opening, Denny will tell Howard what we're going to show on the air," says Forte. "However, he'll never tell Howard what to say. Then he'll ask Don what he plans to discuss, the offense or the defense or maybe even something else. If Don has no firm ideas, we'll thrash it around for a while and come up with something. When Howard and Don are finished, Frank picks up all the loose ends."

At 4:30 p.m. EST, Lewin and Forte take their limousine—always a limo, never a cab—to the stadium. If the Sunday highlights film has arrived in the truck, they will corral Cosell and start taping his voiceover. "Howard's amazing," Forte says. "He does the highlights without even using a script." Then, while Lewin works on the format of the telecast, Forte checks out his cameras.

"We have a minimum of 10 cameras covering every play—and maybe as many as 12," Forte says. "We've had basically the same cameramen working the cameras since the first year of Monday Night Football, so they know pretty much what to do and what I expect of them. I place



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Game no. **6**

The winner of game no. 6 is _____

Name _____

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City _____

Back states _____ p. 1234

More available

Game
no
5

The winner of
game no. 5 is _____

Name _____

Address _____
city _____

Kyōka asks: Should I
drive a tractor?

Game no. **4**

The winner of game no. 4 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

With Clarend you can turn your car into a _____ on wheels.

Game no. **3**

The winner of game no. 3 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____ tel. _____

_____ makes driving more enjoyable

Game no **2**

The winner of game no 2 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

tel. n° _____

No woman should be digging without a KuBoos

Game no. **1**

The winner of game no. 1 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Burnham Red Pipe Tobacco gives you
_____ mod. stop-smoking

Game
no
11

The winner of
game no. 11 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

tel. # _____

Charlie McWay Friday 11:30 a.m.
_____ in your car

Game
no
10

The winner of
game no. 10 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____, NY _____

Go to run-flavored Barbecued R-B for a taste of

Game no. **9**

The winner of game no. 9 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

tel. # _____

One of the ways Bulch responds to you wants is
 W-6 _____

Game no. **8**

The winner of game no. 8 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

tel. no. _____

With Claxon you'll find a system to match your _____ and _____

Game no. **7**

The winner of game no. 7 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____ tel. # _____

Kubota has had news for _____

Game no. **16**

The winner of game no. 16 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

tel. # _____

Golden Covenash Berkman Niff is _____

Game
no.

15

The winner of
game no. 15 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

Birth no longer than Monday is the
day of the week _____

Game no **14**

The winner of game no 14 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

let it _____

Kubrick sport med-aid _____

tags _____

Game no

13

The winner of game no 13 is _____

Name _____

Address _____

tel # _____

Championne-flawed Backgammon Bill is a
bad player

Game
no. **12**

The winner of
game no. 12 is _____

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Address _____

City _____

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four cameras across the top of the field—either in the stands or the announcers' booth. One is stationed at the Left 25 yard line, two are on the 50 yard line and one is at the Right 25 yard line. I also station a camera in each end zone. In addition, I have three hand held cameras—one to cover each bench and the third to work on planned isolation shots—down on the sidelines. And I have my roving marketer, as I call it—the camera on a golf cart which I use mainly for tight shots on the coaches and the quarterbacks."

All the cameras feed to a battery of monitors in the van where Forte, Lewin and the Technical Director, Bill Morris, watch the game.

"NBC and ABC cover a football game in basically the same way," says Forte. "We both work mainly from the positions at the 25 yard lines and at the 50 yard line. The theory behind this is that as the ball moves up and down the field, you use the camera closest to the line of scrimmage to shoot the play."

"CBS, though, doesn't operate this way. They keep all their side cameras on the 50, figuring that the best seat in the house is supposed to be on the 50-yard line."

As game time approaches, Forte leaves the van and walks onto the field to check out the banners hung by the fans. "I do it to protect the NFL, the home team, the

visiting team—and myself," he says. "I don't want to accidentally pan in on some banner that tells Howard where to go. If I spot some sour banner, I'll go to the General Manager and tell him about it. Then that banner will be removed."

One hour before kickoff the announcer's booth is cleared of uninvited guests, invited guests, sponsors, friends of sponsors and celebrities. In the old days, Monday Night Football seemed to spend more time on interviews with television and movie celebrities than it did on the live telecast. "We overdid it," Lewin admits. Forte remembers one night in Los Angeles when "Liza Minnelli, Ronald Reagan and Burt Reynolds all dropped into the announcer's booth unannounced." Lewin and Forte have tried to put a stop to such intrusions. "Now we try to stay exclusively with the game," Lewin says.

On the wall of the van in which Forte and Lewin and the Technical Director do their work on Monday nights, there are two telephones that take incoming calls only. One of the numbers is given to members of the ABC production staff. The other, as Lewin says, "is given only to Roone."

Arledge calls the truck as often as three times a quarter—and there are nights when he does not call at all.

"Roone doesn't get on us the night of a telecast," Lewin says. "Roone's background is that of a producer, too, so he's been in our seats. He's not going to call and be disruptive. He will call, though, and say something very valid. Like, 'Let's get back into the game,' or 'Sitting at home I've noticed that...' Chet and I are sitting in a van with 20 monitors, all sort of input, and we're watching five replay machines and listening to three announcers. Sometimes it's hard to see the forest from the trees. So Roone—who's a Superfan or a Superviewer—will call from wherever he is and, knowing what we're going through, say, 'Hey, you're missing the boat on this.'"

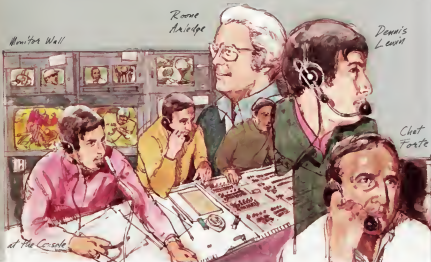
It's 9:00:20 Eastern time on any given Monday night during the NFL season.

"Standby tape," Forte commands into his headset, which unlike most directors or producers he holds in his right hand and never wears over his head—meaning it is a handset. His order is heard by all 10 or 12 cameramen, two videotape operators, three slow-motion technicians, the Technical Director and, of course, the Producer—Lewin.

Forte then picks up the count. "... nine ... eight ... seven ... six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one ...

"Roll tape..."

Monday Night Football is on the air



SEPT. 4, 9:00 - Baltimore (AFC East, 10-4) at Dallas (NFC East, 12-2)

SEPT. 11, 9:00 - Denver (AFC West, 12-2) at Minnesota (NFC Central, 9-5)

SEPT. 18, 9:00 - Baltimore (AFC East, 10-4) at New England (AFC East, 9-5)

SUNDAY, SEPT. 24, 9:00 - New England (AFC East, 9-5) at Oakland (AFC West, 11-3)

SEPT. 25, 9:00 - Minnesota (NFC Central, 9-5) at Chicago (NFC Central, 9-5)

OCT. 2, 9:00 - Dallas (NFC East, 12-2) at Washington (NFC East, 9-5)

OCT. 9, 8:30 - Cincinnati (AFC Central, 8-6) at Miami (AFC East, 10-4)

OCT. 16, 9:00 - Chicago (NFC Central, 9-5) at Denver (AFC West, 12-2)

OCT. 23, 9:00 - Houston (AFC Central, 8-6) at Pittsburgh (AFC Central, 9-5)

THURSDAY, OCT. 26, 8:30 - Minnesota (NFC Central, 9-5) at Dallas (NFC East, 12-2)

OCT. 30, 9:00 - Los Angeles (NFC West, 10-4) at Atlanta (NFC West, 7-7)

NOV. 6, 9:00 - Washington (NFC East, 9-5) at Baltimore (AFC East, 10-4)

SUNDAY, NOV. 12, 8:00 - Pittsburgh (AFC Central, 9-5) at Los Angeles (NFC West, 10-4)

NOV. 13, 9:00 - Oakland (AFC West, 11-3) at Cincinnati (AFC Central, 8-6)

NOV. 20, 9:00 - Miami (AFC East, 10-4) at Houston (AFC Central, 8-6)

NOV. 27, 9:00 - Pittsburgh (AFC Central, 9-5) at San Francisco (NFC West, 5-9)

SUNDAY, DEC. 3, 9:00 - Denver (AFC West, 12-2) at Oakland (AFC West, 11-3)

DEC. 4, 9:00 - Chicago (NFC Central, 9-5) at San Diego (AFC West, 7-7)

DEC. 11, 9:00 - Cincinnati (AFC Central, 8-6) at Los Angeles (NFC West, 10-4)

DEC. 18, 9:00 - New England (AFC East, 9-5) at Miami (AFC East, 10-4)

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We hope you like what you see this season. Both on Monday Night Football and in your Buick dealer's showroom.



and I will be until I get out of this game." The NFL did not take him out of the game for this threat. It merely fined him.

Greene was fined again last season for his punching episodes against the Denver Broncos, when he said he was merely going "outside the law" to get justice.

Players and coaches seeking justice in this manner may get more than they bargain for, says Calhoun. They may be promoting an atmosphere made to order for a disastrous consequence. "An NFL official [Armen Terzian] got conked by a whiskey bottle in a game at Minnesota three years ago. It knocked him out," says Calhoun. "It could have killed him. Even after the game the Minnesota coaches were still complaining about the officiating and the bad calls, and officials who 'blew it.' Well, is that an excuse for violence? It would have cost the NFL a bundle in lawyers' fees alone just to defend itself if that guy had been badly hurt."

"There's a time and place to criticize officials. If they're bad, they deserve to be criticized. That's why we have meetings and review films. But on the field is no place to go crazy. I tell coaches, protest, woe, if you have a gripe. But do it right. Blow your damn stack, do something outside the scope of your authority, and you are very likely to find yourself individually liable. Outside the protection of the school, outside the protection of the conference. Go ahead and berate officials. Incite the crowd. Start a riot. But when the damages are counted, you may lose everything you worked for, and face the possibility of a criminal charge as well."

The spread of unsportsmanlike conduct is insidious—from athletes flouting the spirit of good sportsmanship by turning end zones into discotheques, to the blatant acts of malice everyone condemns. It begins, says Doug Dickey, "when you make up your mind you're going to be uglier in order to win. Don't just put the guy on the ground, shove him around, rough him up, talk to him, verbally abuse him. Intimidate him." It amounts to a studied disregard for the other fellow. It amounts to getting away with things and taking advantage. If an offensive lineman moves prematurely, thereby legally drawing you offside, take a free shot at him. Put him on his pants. Really rip him.

Last fall, two separate but similar messages went out to professional and col-

lege coaches. One, from Pete Rozelle, warned that playing-field viciousness and misconduct "do not belong in professional football" and would bring "disciplinary action." The other, from Davey Nelson, said that some of the tactics being practiced were "humiliating college football." Nelson said the "football code and rules governing unsportsmanlike conduct are being ignored by players, coaches and officials." He said there was no place in college football for maneuvers "deliberately designed to inflict injury."

Coach Wayne Hardin of Temple said he saw more dirty football last fall than he had seen in years—"guys throwing elbows, a guy sticking a helmet in the middle of another guy's back. I saw Michigan playing a team, up by a big score, and send in a guy, and three plays from the end he really clocked this guy with his elbow. He wasn't even involved in the play. On the last play of the game he tried to do the same thing to another player, but missed."

Coaches allow those things. They are a "coach's problem" instead of a "player's problem" or a "commissioner's problem" because football is a coach's game. If coaches do not teach good sportsmanship, they must be responsible for the acts of bad sportsmen.

Bad sportsmanship, whether it is manifest in a gesture or a blow, is a malignancy, spreading from within and corrupting the whole. The complaining party at the bar is football itself. The men who defile it are responsible for their acts as surely as the blow to the face is responsible for the fractured jaw. Football becomes what it does. You cannot peel away the acts of unsportsmanlike conduct like the leaves of an arctiche, hoping to find a pure heart. The rot outside is an extension of the rot at the core.

For the modern football player the path to victory is a series of semipleasurable bumps and knocks, punctuated by long periods of utter drudgery and moments of euphoria that will brighten a lifetime in their reliving. The best of coaches are taskmasters and demand only what they would do themselves. But if a player is immersed in a philosophy of rule-bending, if he is being taught techniques that cause injury—to others or himself—he has a right to know:

Is this what is necessary for the good of the game?

Of all the ill-begotten, ill-advised apologies for the plague of injuries in football, none beats the one about quarterbacks.

The quarterback is at once the most esteemed and assailed of football players. As the game's foremost expression of skill and leadership, he can aspire to be a campus king, and a quarter-million-dollar-a-year pro. But he must pay for this status. He is a likely (if not logical) focal point of fan abuse when his team loses and, as he goes about his business, the recipient of some of the most conspicuous acts of savagery the grand old game can muster.

This is as it should be, the apology goes. Football is the ultimate hero's game. Football does not coddle gifted players. Quarterbacks are particularly gifted players and should not expect special handling. Thus: 1) the quarterback when injured is merely getting his fair share of the lumps, and 2) nothing can be done about it because if you tried you would "hurt the game."

Some good and sensible men subscribe to this foolishness. Even those who know the lumps firsthand.

After being hit by Houston Oiler Defensive End Elvin Bethea last season, Pittsburgh Quarterback Terry Bradshaw managed to escape with only a fractured navicular bone in his left wrist. When Bradshaw got up, he was a magnanimous casualty. He said he didn't think they could do any more to protect the quarterback "without taking something away from the game."

"Take away" from football? How ironic a choice of words.

Here is a sample of what was "taken away" from football in 1977 because of that kind of talk.

In the first televised college game of the season, Pittsburgh Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh, a prime Heisman Trophy candidate, was buried by Notre Dame Defensive End Willie Fry just as he released a second-period touchdown pass. Forced backward under Fry's 242 pounds, Cavanaugh put his left hand back to brace his imminent fall and snapped his wrist. Goodbye Heisman.

On the first Saturday of play, half the teams in the Big Eight lost their starting quarterbacks. One other Big Eight quarterback was playing hurt with a practice injury.

continued

By midseason, eight starting South-west Conference quarterbacks had been put out of commission. Texas was down to a fourth stringer as it held desperately to the No. 1 ranking. The Longhorns had lost two quarterbacks in one game—in the same quarter.

Georgia, suffering its first losing season in 14 years under Vince Dooley, was down to its fourth quarterback by the time it got to Georgia Tech for the final game. In that one, No. 4 sprained an ankle and No. 5, a freshman, dislocated a fibula. Dooley finished up with another freshman who had been a reserve on the junior varsity.

Almost every potential All-America quarterback was injured in 1977. Besides Cavanaugh, Houston's Danny Davis, Stanford's Guy Benjamin, Texas Tech's Rodney Allison, Brigham Young's Gifford Nielsen and Harvard's Tim Davenport all went down for varying periods. But that was child's play compared with what the pros were dishing out.

On a memorable Sunday in November, Fran Tarkenton of Minnesota, who had never had a serious injury, spun away from a rush on a busted play and was submerged by Cincinnati's Gary Burley. Tarkenton's ankle snapped. On that very same "day at the butcher shop," as one press dispatch called it, James Harris of San Diego was helped off the field with a sprained ankle, Bill Munson of San Diego with a fractured leg, Brian Sipe of Cleveland with a shoulder injury, Lynn Dickey of Green Bay with a broken leg, and Bradshaw with a shoulder injury to go with his dented wrist.

At one point, 20 quarterbacks in the 28-team NFL had suffered incapacitating injuries. In addition to the above, Jim Zorn, Richard Todd, Ken Anderson, Dan Pastorini, Billy Kilmer, Steve Bartkowski and Joe Namath were sidelined Tampa Bay, the league's worst team, was also its hardest hit: four starting quarterbacks lost to injury.

The Stanford Research Institute's computer work-up for the NFL indicated that of players on offense quarterbacks were the second most likely (behind running backs) players to suffer injury. A preliminary study of 1,002 high school and college players, to be updated this year by the National Athletic In-

jury/Illness Reporting System, was even more damning. Adjusted to the number of players per position, the NAIRS study indicated that quarterbacks suffered one-seventh of all "significant injuries" (those that cost game time).

As doleful figures go, those would seem a stiff enough price to pay for being sure quarterbacks are not "coddled." Not everyone believes you would "take something from the game" by providing quarterbacks more protection within the rules—protection not against the normal risks of a physical sport, but against legal loopholes and dubious ethics that have allowed a twisted rationale to spread in the game.

Oakland Coach John Madden is a non-believer. Madden rages against rules that have allowed the quarterback to become "not only our most valuable player, but our most vulnerable. We protect our kickers with good rules. You can't run into a kicker legally unless you also block the kick. But you can run into a quarterback anytime after he throws the ball, as long as the referee thinks you were in the act before the ball was thrown. That doesn't make sense to me. It doesn't make sense to protect the kickers more than the quarterbacks."

John Pont, the former Yale, Northwestern and Indiana coach, is not convinced either. Pont wonders about a "new mentality" of coaching where "you make the quarterback the target and kick the hell out of him, whether he has the ball or not."

And neither is at least one quarterback, Seattle's Zorn. "If I don't have the ball," he says, "I sure don't want to get knocked on my tail." Zorn has been in the NFL only a couple of years, so his verbal indiscretions can be excused. He is not, however, unscarred. He suffered a broken cheekbone in 1976 when he "stepped up to throw and at the same time a guy rushing in hit me in the face with his helmet."

Through the years there have been other such heretics, unwilling to concede these batterings as *quid pro quo*. Jack Nix, a Santa Ana, Calif., insurance man who played end for the San Francisco 49ers and refereed in the NFL for 10 years, remembers Quarterback Frankie Albert giving opposing linemen sales talks on the subject. "He'd scream at 'em, 'Don't hit me like that! It's stupid! You put me out of the game and you're cut-

ting your own paycheck.' People come to see me play!"

Nix is one of those radical thinkers who believe the open season on quarterbacks today is the worst kind of hoax because it is self-inflicted—a cream pie that football is throwing in its own face. The hoax is complicated, however. It begins with the premise most coaches and players swallow willingly: that a quarterback is just one of 22 men on the field, protected in the same way by the same tidy rules. That is logical, but that is also nonsense.

There are, to begin with, unmistakable physical inequities. Football players have changed markedly since World War II. Everybody is bigger, for sure, but intense weight-lifting programs, in many instances augmented by chemicals, and various strength machines have bulwarked the muscle positions—defensive and offensive linemen, linebackers—with men who are not only bigger but infinitely stronger. Quarterbacks don't lift weights. Coaches make them stop when the season starts, says Bill Yeoman of Houston, "so it won't affect their throwing motion. Linemen, of course, never stop."

The consequence of all this is that what used to be a fairly minor weight differential has grown radically: the quarterback now stands out in every team picture as the one who looks underfed. The Missouri team that played Georgia Tech in the 1940 Orange Bowl had a backfield that averaged 180 pounds—and a line that averaged 189. Wallace Wade's 1926 Alabama Rose Bowl team had an interior line that averaged 195. Fifty years later, Pittsburgh's interior line in the Sugar Bowl averaged 237.

In the last 15 years, the weight of All-America interior linemen has risen an average of 1.3 pounds per year, while backs' weights have stayed about the same. The NCAA estimates that the average interior linemen will be 38% larger than all other players by the year 2000—and considerably more than that when compared to quarterbacks.

The contrast in the pros is even greater. Pat Haden of the Rams weighs 182 pounds. When he goes against the Dallas front four, he faces one 270-pounder in Ed Jones, 255-pound Jethro Pugh and two 250-pounders in Harvey Martin and Randy White.

The laws of physics still apply. Force = mass × acceleration: $F = MA$.

As the well-conditioned athlete grows, his capacity for melting out punishment multiplies proportionately, and the athlete whose size remains almost constant is at that much more of a disadvantage. And remember, says Tennessee Coach Johnny Majors, the 265-pounder "used to be fat and slow. Now he's fast. In some cases, faster than the quarterback. That means he can deliver a terrific blow." It figures that if both *M* and *A* are greater, then *F*—what hurts—must have increased. The difference in foot-pounds, in blows delivered by a 270-pounder and a 170-pounder traveling at the same rate of speed, is roughly 60%.

The more disproportionate the blow, the more likely the injury. Dr. Fred Allman studied 43,000 Pop Warner Leaguers at the Atlanta Sports Medicine Clinic and found that the injury rate among football players of similar height and weight and skill was "very low." A study made by Dr. Carl Blyth at the University of North Carolina showed that injuries increased proportionately with age, as disproportions widened. At age 13, 25% of the players surveyed had suffered injuries. At 14, the injury percentage went up to 28 and advanced dramatically from there until, at 18, there was a 68% injury factor.

Doug Plank of the Bears is a likely source of testimony, being a notorious quarterback-buster. Plank calls it "a complete mismatch. On the one hand," he says, "you have an offensive player who really isn't conditioned to take hard hits—and maybe doesn't really know how to take them, or to fall." On the other, you have "defensive linemen coming in who are usually in great shape, are quick, agile and weigh 250 and above. Any time they hit someone who isn't built like themselves, they're going to do some damage."

Does this mean "bigger" players should not be allowed to tackle quarterbacks? Of course not. But the disadvantage of an overwhelming size differential dovetails with other, largely overlooked, factors that increase the risks.

Contrary to Plank's evaluation, the quarterback's main problem is not that he does not know how to take a hit, but that he is expected to take hits no other player is asked to take. A linebacker does not get "sacked" by three 250-pound quarterbacks while he is stumbling backwards. Quarterbacks are expected to be

immune to pressure. If they do not stand in a disintegrating pocket, waiting until the hit split second for a receiver to work free, and then release a perfect spiral just before the cave-in, they are said to "bear footsteps."

Compassion does not come with appreciation of this one-sided state of affairs. When he put 200-pound Tampa Bay Quarterback Mike Boryla in the hospital with torn knee ligaments last season, 280-pound Green Bay Tackle Mike McCoy was asked if he felt bad. "No," he said. "It sounds cold, doesn't it? But I didn't feel sorry for the guy. I've never felt guilty about things like that."

Well, why should he? McCoy was only doing his job in the accepted way. Coaches teach "Get the quarterback." Coaches want rival quarterbacks to "hear footsteps." Quarterbacks under duress make mistakes. Coaches shriek with pleasure when game films show a particularly heavy hit on a quarterback. They award decals to put on helmets for such feats in college, and in the NFL they keep statistics on "sacks" and give out bonuses.

A crackdown on late and redundant hits has been under way in the NFL, according to Art McNally. He instructs his referees to call out when a pass is gone to let charging offenders know the quarterback is no longer fair game. But in 1977 only 47 roughing-the-passer penalties were called in the NFL, compared with 43 in 1976. By the same token, coaches certainly do not encourage "late hits." A late hit means a 15-yard penalty. Coaches would rather have an absence than a 15-yard penalty.

But what, really, is a late hit?

The rules make broad allowances for "momentum" in tackling. Some coaches now believe that may be the rule book's single biggest flaw. Many brutal hits on quarterbacks and running backs are excused under the vagaries of "momentum." Many hits are not tackles at all but vicious exclamation points. Even quarterbacks are conditioned to excuse them.

"Defensive linemen are brought up to rush the quarterback," says Matt Cavanaugh. "That's what they've been trained to do since they started playing football. They can't stop to charge the instant the quarterback releases the ball. . . . Most of the problems come once the momentum is up and the lineman can't pull back, and I don't think it's possible to take that

continued



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out of the game. I don't think it's possible to change the rules. You can't do that and be fair about it."

Fair? Can't stop? Impossible to change? Conditioning is complete when the street victim sympathizes with the mugger.

But can "momentum" be legislated against?

John Madden thinks so. "Why not? We tell a guy he can't plow into the kicker, we can sure as hell tell him he can't plow into the passer."

Coaches who argue against equal protection under the rule, however, say a quarterback is more likely to run than a punter—and is usually better at it—and therefore can't be made sacrosanct. Coaches don't want to give quarterbacks license to steal.

But what is really being served by allowing for "momentum," and to what actual purpose is that momentum built up? Pete Williams was a Navy halfback in the late '40s, when he was known as Pistol Pete. Williams says any schoolyard dodger knows that the tougher man to elude is not the one who has built up momentum, but the one who is in control and not fully committed to the charge. A defender rushing headlong at a ball-carrier is in much the same position as a bull rushing a matador and is just as likely to get the runaround.

Says Jack Nix, "Maybe we've bragged too long about the 'killer instinct' and made everybody think it's the only way. Hit hard, sure. Body contact, sure. But common sense should tell us we're hurting more than just a quarterback when we put him in the hospital. Is that the way we want to win?"

If coaches are willing to say no to that question, it is not as difficult to solve the dilemma as some think. However, you must be willing to assume certain things. First, that most defensive players can see. If they can see, they can be made to do things. Every coach boasts that defensive players are better than ever—bigger, faster, more gifted. That being the case, says Ara Parseghian, and acknowledging the fact that a defender advancing with more caution in the manner of a screening basketball player is less likely to get fooled, a "grab" rule might be put into effect for quarterbacks, at least on a trial basis. If the defender gets there and the quarterback still has the ball, the defender has the same tackling rights as he has in re-

gard to the kicker before the ball is off the ground: no holds barred. "But if the ball is gone," says Parseghian, "and the defender has got his head up instead of down in that ramming position, he can see enough to hold up and just grab the quarterback. A grab is a lot less likely to break a rib."

For those rushers who still find it difficult to tell whether the quarterback has the ball or not, John Madden would add a "visual" aid: he would equip referees with special air horns to sound when—and only when—a pass has been released.

A tenet of rule-making is that if a rule puts a player at a disadvantage, it has to be changed. The question of what is "fair" is, ultimately, a rules problem. A rule to protect quarterbacks (the way kickers are protected) would not be difficult to write. But granting the quarterback's added potential, a "grab" rule would be more appropriate. Such a rule might also help mitigate the damage being done to high school and college quarterbacks on option plays.

The option presents a thornier problem, however. In its many forms and formations (veer, wishbone), it is probably the most difficult play to stop in college football—but it requires that the quarterback be a runner and therefore puts him in greater jeopardy. This is why pro teams haven't adopted the veer.

The evolution of defending against the option has passed through many nuances, but one gambit is now consistently applied: keep the quarterback an east-and-west runner, don't let him turn upfield and become north-south. And, as stated elsewhere in this article, tackle him on every play—before, as, or after he releases the ball. Hit him. Be aggressive. Lower the boom.

The night before last year's Ohio State game, Oklahoma defensive coordinator Larry Lacey well reputedly promised that the Sooners would "make Rod Gerald get up on every play." Nothing malicious was implied, just some good old down-home strategy to stop the slick Buckeye quarterback. Oklahoma pounded away at Gerald, a six-foot, 175-pound string bean. The battered Gerald was taken out in the third quarter, and Oklahoma won the game.

The quarterback's relatively unpro-

ted moves make him as vulnerable on an option play as on a pass play. He comes to the point of the pitch with his eyes at least partially averted to the tailback, his arm, or arms, extended, his feet committed. If he executes well, he will draw a tackler, which is the whole idea. But in that position he is wide open for trouble from his chin to his thorax to his knees. Trouble comes in the form of a 225-pound linebacker with fire in his eyes and an artillery shell on his head and a signed release from his coach to let his frustrations go on option quarterbacks. If the quarterback is put out of commission, so be it. Give that man another decal.

It is obvious to the most casual observer when a defense has been sent out to destroy a target, says John Pont. "Officials could call it," he says. "Just as any good athlete could be made to back off a little. Coaches should look closer at game films. Some of the hits on the quarterbacks after a pitch are brutal. But one coach teaches it, the next coach does it. It's one-upmanship. Somebody has to say, 'Hey, wait a minute, there's a difference between a tackle and finishing off a guy.'"

It would seem a simple enough equation to work out: coaches and officials acting together to decide what is "necessary" in football. But the deeper issue is sportsmanship. Bad sportsmanship is always shameful. In a sport that has an inherently high potential for physical damage, it is intolerable. When a coach plots the incapacitation of a player, it is profanity to call him a sportsman.

A certain amount of concentrated effort against a star player is acceptable in sport: guard him relentlessly, double-team him, pitch to him a certain way, shift or zone the defense for him, neutralize him. But "concentrated effort" is not license to indulge in perversions of the rules.

The line is crossed with the first deliberate attempt to hurt or weaken an opposing player.

NEXT WEEK:

The use of amphetamines, which results in more injuries, is investigated, and several proposals are put forth to restore sanity to the game of football



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He's still Le Grand Orange

In Detroit he is known simply as Rusty Staub, but in any language the Tigers' 34-year-old DH is one solid swinger



Staub leads all DHs with a .298 batting average

Rusty Staub of the Detroit Tigers is a creature of habits, routines and quirks. He believes they help make him a successful designated hitter. Everyone else thinks they make him a successful DH who is also a little, uh, weird. But, really now, what's so weird about traveling with your own bottled water, or taking a 90-minute nap before every game, or wearing one pair of gloves for batting and another for running the bases?

What really sets Staub apart from most other players is his hitting. The 34-year-old left-handed swinger from New Orleans is in his 16th season and with his fourth team, and he currently ranks in the top five among active players in hits, doubles and RBIs. A rightfielder until he went to the Tigers from the Mets in 1976, Staub is now the consummate designated hitter. He hit .295 in 36 games as a DH (and .299 overall) in 1976. Last year he had the DH job full time and hit .278, leading all DHs in RBIs (101), runs (84) and hits (173). This season he has been even better. Staub leads all DHs with a .298 average (the league average is .254), well ahead of runner-up Jim Rice, who is batting .284 when DH-ing and .340 when playing in the outfield. Staub is even challenging Rice for the league RBI lead, trailing the Boston slugger 96-95. "We're like the tortoise and the hare," says Staub. "I can get one or two RBIs a game, but with his power Rice can get 20 in a week. He must have had some kind of physical problem, or we wouldn't be this close."

In truth, the tortoise has had problems of his own this year, particularly a sore back. Before each game Staub's back is rubbed with liniment, and he is strapped in a tight elastic corset. Nonetheless, he has played in all 114 of the Tigers' games, and has been conspicuously slump-free. Rusty's longest stretch without a hit is two games and he has failed to reach base via a hit or a walk in only

11 games. He has driven in 46 runs in the last 45 games, of which the Tigers have won 29. They now are in third place in the East, 10 games behind Boston.

"I'm a grind-it-out person," Staub says. "I've got to work harder than the next guy to get the same results. If I didn't realize that, I'd have been out of the game a long time ago. That's what I try to impress on the younger players: if you understand yourself, if you know what you can and can't do, then you've got a chance. You can adjust and compensate."

Staub learned the lesson the hard way. After just one season of minor league ball, he became a regular with Houston in 1963 and batted .224. In half a big league season the following year, he hit .216. He did not start to show his hitting prowess until the second half of 1965 when a hot streak lifted his average to .256. Over the past 13 years, Staub has averaged .290 and shown occasional home-run power (a high of 30 with Montreal in 1970, when he became known as Le Grand Orange and rivaled Jean Beliveau for popularity in Canada, and 19 so far this year). Staub would certainly be a career .300 hitter if he had just a little speed, but he comes out of the batter's box as if he were mired in quicksand.

"When I first came up, I saw myself as a long-ball hitter," he says. "I was a dumbnugle. After 2½ years I finally said to myself, 'Hey, dummy, you want to go back to the minors?' No? Then hit to left sometimes."

This is only one of the techniques that Staub has tried to pass on to young teammates such as First Baseman Jason Thompson and Leftfielder Steve Kemp, both of whom also bat left. Kemp, whose .281 average is up 24 points from last year, says, "I'm a better hitter because of Rusty. He teaches you to hit your pitch. To make contact without trying to kill the ball. To stay in control." All of this is fine with Manager Ralph Houk, who says, "If a young player wants to learn how to hit, all he has to do is watch Rusty Staub."

It is the development of these young Tiger players that has made Staub the team's permanent DH, a role he regards with mixed feelings. "I told Ralph last year that I didn't like it and I didn't think I deserved it," Staub says, "but I also said I would try to be the best DH I could. Instead of fighting it, I'm assuming it. But I am smart enough to realize

that by doing it now, it will add years to my career."

For Staub this is an important consideration because he figures he has a good shot at 3,000 hits. After getting a homer and a single Sunday against the White Sox, Staub was 674 short, but if he bangs out as many hits from 1978 to 1982 as he did from 1973 to 1977, he will make it before he turns 39. Says Staub, who has never had a 200-hit season and is not likely to come close to one, "If I stay injury free I think I can do it. That's why I work my tail off to stay in shape."

Staub keeps in condition year-round. He plays racquet ball and runs for 20 minutes almost every day during the winter. During the season he runs as often as he can before heading for the park, and then performs stretching exercises and does push-ups once he arrives. No wonder he needs a nap. Three times a week he does elaborate hand and wrist exercises after a game to tone his forearm muscles.

Staub's quirks are most evident in his routines before and during games. He tirds himself with knee pads and ankle tape and his back brace. Once on the field, he is easily recognized, and not just for his bright-red hair. Staub does not look like the other guys. For batting practice, instead of baseball shoes and a regular uniform top he wears rubber-soled shoes and a dark-blue warmup jacket with the right sleeve cut off near the shoulder. Instead of following the current fashion of wearing uniform pants with legs low enough to meet the top of high-stirrup socks, his pants legs extend to just below the knee and his stirrups are short, exposing very little of the white sanitary hose underneath.

Staub is also not a typical bullplayer once he gets in the batting cage. He stands in front of the plate, well outside the batter's box, and he uses a ponderous 38-ounce bat. Instead of just swinging freely, he practices game situations: hit and run, sacrifice fly, opposite field.

Before the game begins, Staub changes into dry clothes (replacing one obscene T-shirt with another) and puts on his regular uniform jersey and spikes. He takes a lighter, 36-ounce bat from the clubhouse and places it near the bat rack, not in it. At the plate, he stands as far forward as possible and as close to the plate as he can. He chokes up and hits with a quick, compact swing. And hit he does.

"With a man in scoring position, there's no one I fear more," says Texas First Baseman Mike Hargrove.

If Staub gets on base, he exchanges his lighter, softer, more expensive gloves for a heavier, more durable pair. If he makes an out, the bat boy is under instruction to hand him the bat so he can return it to the dugout himself—a penance, one supposes.

Between appearances at the plate, Staub often returns to the clubhouse, where he either watches the game on television or listens to it on the radio. He may also jump rope or, if he is particularly upset with himself and wants to clear his mind, work on a crossword puzzle.

"The toughest thing about being a DH," he says, "is being mentally prepared to hit. I'm a very intense person and if I mess up I need something to take my mind off it. I used to be able to do that by playing defense, but not now. That's why crossword puzzles are so helpful."

Which brings us, finally, to this question: Does anyone know two five-letter words that mean red-haired, good-hitting eccentric? Rusty Staub? That's it. That's it exactly.

THE WEEK

(August 6-12)

by MELISSA LUDTKE LINCOLN

AL EAST When New York (5-1) beat Kansas City in Game 5 of the playoffs to win the American League pennant last fall, dejected Royal Shortstop Fred Park sat alone in the dugout, his face buried in his hands, for what seemed an eternity. On Wednesday night Milwaukee Catcher Buck Martinez did the same thing for 15 minutes after the Yankees scored five runs in the bottom of the ninth to defeat the slumping Brewers 8-7 and oust them from second place. The Yankees scored the winning run when Martinez misplayed Lou Piniella's Wade hunt with two out. Milwaukee (1-6) Manager George Bamberger called it "the worst game I have witnessed in my whole career, and I've been around for 35 years."

Catfish Hunter resumed his pitching revival for the Yankees (6-4), shutting out the fifth-place Orioles 3-0 and then beating them again 2-1 in a game ended by run after 5½ innings. Ron Guadry (16-2) got his fifth shutout of the season as the Yanks beat the Brewers 9-0. Although the Yankees moved from fourth to second in the standings, they gained

only half a game on the division-leading Red Sox.

Boston (5-2) maintained its eight-game lead for two reasons: the return of the Red Sox hitters and the superb pitching of Bob Stanley (9-1), who won three games. In a 9-7 victory over Cleveland, Stanley got his seventh win in relief. Jim Rice, who batted .533 and had 10 RBIs, hit his 26th and 27th home runs in that game. Then the Red Sox came from behind three times to defeat the Indians 6-5 in 13 innings, with Stanley picking up his eighth win. Liking what he saw, Manager Don Zimmer decided to give Stanley his first start of the season. He allowed seven hits in seven innings, won his ninth game, and the Sox swept Milwaukee in a doubleheader, 3-1 and 11-4.

Baltimore bats were silent. In four straight losses the Orioles (2-5) scored only four runs. Included in that streak was a 2-0 defeat by Kansas City in which Oriole starter Scott McGregor (11-10) retired the first 20 Royals on 66 pitches and had a perfect game until Hal McRae doubled with two out in the seventh, igniting a four-hit, two-run assault. Then, in a night game interrupted by power failures for an hour and 16 minutes, the Oriole hitters finally came alive as Lee May and Pat Kelly homered to help beat New York 6-4.

Detroit (3-2) moved into a tie for third place with Milwaukee. The Tigers had to place Mark Fidrych on the disabled list for the balance of the season because of tendinitis in his right shoulder but the other Tiger pitchers were doing just fine. Jim Stoen (12-9) pitched his second shutout of the year, defeating the White Sox 8-0. Kap Yung (4-1) six-hit Texas and won 5-2; and Jack Billingham (12-5) beat Chicago 7-3.

Cleveland's only victory in a 1-5 week came against the Red Sox, with Rick Wise (9-14) beating his old teammates 5-1 for the third straight time. For Toronto (5-2), it was an ex-Indian, Rico Carty, who provided most of the hitting. His four home runs lifted his season total to 20.

BOS 73-42 NY 65-50 DET 62-51 ML 82-51
BAL 62-53 CLE 52-61 TOR 45-70

AL WEST Kansas City (4-3) is a team of extremes. The Royals were last in the league in home runs (63) and next to last in fielding, but they led in steals (156), doubles (218) and triples (42). And the Royals continued to lead the division, although their edge shrunk as a game over surging California (5-2) Hal McRae said he was feeling "hatsen't" again. Until Jim Palmer blanked him on Thursday, McRae had hit safely in 24 of 25 games. Wherever McRae had, it must have been contagious. Rookie Clint Hurdle went 4 for 4 in a 10-4 defeat of Chicago, tied a game against Toronto with a two-run home run in the eighth, and singled home the winning run in the 10th as the Royals beat the Blue Jays 9-8. Larry Gura

continued

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won his 10th, stopping Baltimore 2-0. Since reading *Super Food for Super Athletes*, Gura has eaten only liver before he pitches.

California got back-to-back victories from Frank Tanana (15-7) and Nolan Ryan (6-10) for the first time in four weeks. Despite yielding five runs to Oakland in seven innings, Tanana won 16-5. Ryan beat Seattle 3-1 and struck out 10 to regain the league strikeout lead (184) from New York's Ron Gaudry. In the first game of Saturday's doubleheader in Seattle, Dave LaRoche (9-5) was in relief, 7-5, as Danny Gooden, a one-time No. 1 draft choice who was called up from El Paso to be the Angels' designated hitter, singled in the 10th to drive home the deciding runs after he had tied the game in the ninth with a home run.

Four wins and four losses kept Oakland in its place—third. Rick Langford (6-7) won his fifth in a row, beating Minnesota 2-0 on a three-hit shutout. Earlier, the 26-year-old righthander pitched a five-hit, 4-3 win over Seattle. Matt Knepper (7-9), who has been 1 and 5 since the All-Star break, gave up five runs in 1½ innings in the 16-5 loss to the Angels. "If I don't get going right away, I'm gone," said Knepper, who has burnouts in his right knee. Knepper was referring to owner Charlie Finley's decision to send Wayne Gross and Dwayne Murphy to the minors. But Dell Alston—who told the owner, "If you want a pinch-runner, get someone from the AALJ, I want to play"—arrived from Vancouver and batted in the winning run in a 4-3 decision over Seattle. Mike Edwards became the first second baseman since 1899 to make two unassisted double plays in one game.

Jon Matlack (10-9) won twice for Texas (4-1), beating Cleveland 3-2 and 8-2. Al Oliver began the week a fraction more than one point behind Rod Carew for the league hitting lead, but despite extending his hitting streak to 18 games, he fell seven points back of Carew—334 to 327.

Minnesota (3-4) Manager Gene Mauch was hospitalized for three games with an infected right foot, but he missed only one of the Twins' victories—a 10-2 wipeout of Seattle (3-5). The Mariners' .364 percentage is the worst in the major leagues.

Age made no difference in Chicago (2-5). Wilbur Wood, 36, and Britt Burns, 19, both lost 7-3. Wood to Toronto, Burns to Detroit.

before issued such an ultimatum. Reacting to Ozark's threats, the Phillies won four in a row and gained 2½ games on second-place Chicago (3-4). While things were looking up on the field, back in the clubhouse Larry Bowa allegedly hit a writer who had written a story critical of the shortstop. After the incident, Bowa went 8 for 16, including three doubles and a triple, had four RBIs, and scored five runs.

The bumbling Pirates (1-7) lost five games to the Phillies and dropped from third to fourth place, 1½ games behind Philadelphia. Following a 3-1 loss to the Phillies' Dick Ruthven, Pittsburgh pitchers yielded 29 hits and 25 runs while losing to Philadelphia by scores of 15-4 and 10-1. Willie Stargell, who batted .318 and had seven RBIs, also struck out six times to break Mickey Vento's major league career strikeout record of 1,710. With 63 strikeouts so far this season, Stargell, a 17-year veteran, has a good chance of adding to his own major league record for 100-plus strikeout years. He's going for No. 13.

The second-place Cubs were still not hitting, and one pitcher in particular is paying the price. Dennis Lamp (5-12) started twice and lost twice to Montreal even though he allowed only three runs, losing 2-1 and 1-0. Lamp, a 25-year-old rookie, has been on the wrong end of a shutout five times this season. Of the season-long starters, only Rick Ruschel (10-10) is pitching 500 for Chicago.

In Montreal (4-2), five Expo starters held opponents to one run or less, logging a combined ERA of 1.40. Steve Rogers (13-7), who leads the league with a 2.35 ERA, beat the Cubs 2-1 as the Expos slipped into third place ahead of the Pirates. The Expos also set some individual records: Ross Gonsky (14-8) became the first Montreal left-hander ever to win 14 games, with a 1-0 shutout of Chicago; Andre Dawson became the first Expo to hit 20 home runs and steal 20 bases in the same season; and Ellis Valentine tied a club fielding record with his 20th assist.

New York (1-4) Manager Joe Torre was looking for pitchers. Nino Espinosa was sick. Pat Zachry was on the disabled list, and everyone else was throwing marshmallows. When Torre saw Warren Spahn in Cooperstown, he told the 57-year-old left-hander, "Stay in shape, I may need you." St. Louis (6-1) beat the Mets three times—including a one-hitter by John Denny and Roy Thomas—and took three of four from Philadelphia.

now leads the league with a 3.14 ERA, had four complete games in seven starts: Rust Hooton (12-8) four-hit the Giants 5-1; Tommy John (13-9) held the Padres to six hits and won 3-1; Don Sutton (12-9) also allowed six hits in beating San Diego 3-2; and Doug Rau (11-7) shut out the Padres 3-0, allowing them only one hit after the third inning. Bob Welch (4-0), a 21-year-old rookie who launched the Dodgers' winning streak by stopping their six-game losing skid, defeated 16-game winner Vida Blue and the Giants 12-2, giving up only five hits in eight innings and lowering his ERA to 1.80. The Dodger hitters were equally impressive, contributing 10 home runs. Reggie Smith hit three, giving him 23 for the year, and batted .375 with nine RBIs.

After relinquishing the division lead for the first time in more than two months, San Fran-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

AL COWENS: The Royals' rightfielder hit .414 and drove in 11 runs, four of them with his first career grand slam. Since returning to the lineup on July 25 after missing a month with a knee injury, Cowens has batted .369.

cisco (2-4) climbed back into a tie for first with the Dodgers by beating them 3-2. Bill Madlock's 12th home run broke a 2-2 tie, and Bob Knepper (12-9) pitched his 12th complete game. Blue's 12-2 setback two nights earlier was his first loss since June 5, ending his 10-game winning streak.

Cincinnati (3-4) was briefly in first place early in the week after beating San Diego 3-1, as Doug Bair got his 21st save. The Reds' bullpen now has 37 saves and a 24-12 record. However, ace starter Tom Seaver lost twice and his record dropped to 11-11. In a 5-3 loss to Atlanta, Seaver "did everything wrong that I could possibly do," and the Reds fell out of first after a one-day stay. When he lost to San Diego 4-2, Seaver found something else to do wrong—commit two errors. Seaver is now 3-7 since his no-hitter on June 16.

For San Diego (2-5), the pitching held up but the hitting went sour. Before beating Cincinnati (5-3), Padre pitchers had given up only 12 runs in four games, but lost all four nonetheless. On Saturday, Gaylord Perry (13-5), with relief help from Bob Shirley and Rolfie Fingers (27th save), got a little help from the Padre butters as he beat the Reds 4-2.

Pitching saved Atlanta (4-2). Rookie Larry McWilliams, 5-0 since the All-Star break, beat Houston (2-3) twice, and Gene Garber, who came over from Philadelphia in exchange for Dick Ruthven on June 20, recorded his 17th, 18th and 19th saves of the year. In 6½ weeks Garber has saved more games (16) than any Atlanta reliever in five years.

SF 68-49 LA 68-48 CH 67-49
SD 58-58 ATL 54-61 HOU 53-61

KC 83-50 CAL 65-54 OAK 61-58 TEX 56-57

MIN 48-65 CLE 47-67 SEA 43-75

PHI 63-50 CHS 58-56 MONT 56-61

PIT 51-61 NY 46-68 ST 47-69

NL EAST It was an unsettling week for Philadelphia (6-3) both on the field and in the clubhouse. Following a doubleheader loss to last-place St. Louis, Manager Danny Ozark held a closed-door team meeting and threatened his players with fines if they continued to commit bone-headed plays and failed to hustle. In his six years as a major league manager, Ozark had never

NL WEST The Dodgers, Giants and Reds all had the division lead at one time or another. Los Angeles (4-1) took over first place on Friday by beating San Francisco 4-3 for its seventh straight win as Giant reliever Randy Moffitt walked in the winning run in the bottom of the ninth. The Los Angeles pitching staff, which

TRAINING TO RUN AN ANCHOR LEG



ENBERG WILL HOST TELECASTS OF THE MOSCOW OLYMPICS

Come the second week of August 1980, after NBC has presented 150 hours of Olympic coverage from Moscow in 16 days, an ex-college professor named Richard Alan Enberg could be as familiar as Charlie Tuna. The network is already assembling its field-level specialists for the Games, ex-jocks such as Bruce Jenner for track and field, and John Naber, Donna de Varona and Micki King Hope for swimming and diving. It also has lined up announcers Curt Gowdy and Jim Simpson among others. Enberg, however, will be the most visible of all, for he will be the host of the shows during prime-time telecasts.

Dick Enberg, 43, who has a doctorate in health sciences, is in the first year of a new and expanded three-year contract with NBC. For more than a decade he has been the busiest sportscaster in the Los Angeles area, handling as many as 200 events a year. For 12 seasons Enberg did the play-by-play of Rams games over Gene Autry's KMPC radio and he is completing his 10th and last year as that station's voice of the California Angels. On Autry's TV station, KTLA, he called UCLA basketball games for six seasons, announced Olympic Auditorium fights for three years and was for a time the sports man on two evening news shows. What's more, he also covered minor league hockey, small-college football and hosted Sports Challenge for seven years. Since signing on at NBC in 1975, Enberg's assignments have included NCAA

basketball, a few championship fights, segments for Sportsworld and baseball and pro football playoffs. His new duties will include regular-season pro football and pre-Olympic events.

"There were two big reasons for signing with NBC," Enberg says. "One: the mountain is there and here's the chance to climb it. Maybe I could become one of the best reporters in sports and be remembered as such. Two, here's a chance to do something that is going to be the most monumental event in the history of television, not just sports television: the 1980 Games."

As befits an honor student (Central Michigan, Indiana University) and teacher (Cal State at Northridge), Enberg approaches every event as if he were doing doctoral research. When he got the assignment to cover the WHA Los Angeles Blades, he shocked the team's management by offering to pay his own way to the training camp in Saskatchewan to study the sport. (The club paid.) For out-of-town Rams games, Enberg arranged to have the team's advance man save stacks of local newspapers so that he could pore over them when he got to town.

Enberg was still a full-time assistant professor of health sciences, with broadcasting as a sideline, when KTTV asked him if he could do water polo. He had never seen a match in his life and didn't know a firm shot from a knuckling. He watched five Northridge matches to figure out what was going on, memorized two books on the sport—and made it through the telecast. "I've never been prouder of anything I've ever done," he says.

Still, before he got good, Enberg got lucky. He was a junior at Central Michigan when he applied for a job as the custodian at the local radio station. The pay was \$1 an hour. The sports director persuaded him to apply instead for the weekend morning disc jockey spot, which also paid \$1 an hour. Enberg got

the job, and a few weeks later, when the sports director left, he got that position, becoming a play-by-play man at 20.

But if the years since have led to professional success, they have also exacted a personal toll. Divorced in 1975, Enberg now lives alone in a house in the Hollywood Hills, overlooking Universal Studios, the teetering "Hollywood" sign or his swimming pool, depending on which of his three sandwiches he selects. He and a divorced friend, Stan Charnofsky, are collaborating on a book whose working title is *It's Over, She Said: For Men as Divorce*.

Then there was the day that Enberg realized too late that a game was over. KMPC planned to follow an Angels-at-Baltimore baseball game with a Rams-at-San Diego football game. While Enberg waited nervously in San Diego, the baseball game dragged on. And on and on. "First we dropped our scheduled coaches' show," Enberg says. "Then we cut the warmup show. I tossed out all my opening notes and then threw out everything else. Meanwhile, both teams were on the field below me, they had the ball teed up. And at that moment, finally, the game ended in Baltimore. The engineer flashed directly to San Diego and I had maybe five seconds before the opening kickoff. I just took a deep breath and said, 'Good evening, everyone, and welcome to San Diego Stadium. The Rams and the Chargers! Uh, the kick is in the air. It's high, end over end, and this game is over!'" The bewildered viewers may have had a little trouble figuring out that he meant the baseball game.

For his televised Angels postgame show, Enberg races around at the last minute getting scores and posting them on a big scoreboard for the viewers. Sure enough, one day he had just enough time to drop into his chair, smile into the camera and start talking. He sensed that something was wrong, but because he didn't know what it was he kept smiling and talking. Finally he realized why the crew was waving and pointing. Enberg said, "Excuse me, folks," raised up slightly in his chair and reached down and grabbed the lavaliere mike that he had been sitting on. He hooked it around his neck, grinning sheepishly. "People said I never sounded better," he says.

END

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One Policy that's safe

The horsenapping of Town Policy hasn't been solved, but the fine quarter horse is back and ready to challenge the best



Owner Ivan Ashment had some tense moments during the search for his missing champion

There is a chill in the air early on a summer morning at the race track in Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex. Marlboro Men, here by the posse, are big-chested in goose-down vests as they trot by on their palominos and bays. Soon, though, the sun will be up over the pine-shaggy mountains of the Sacramento range where, astride their Yamaha 500s, the Apache still ride. High time to work the horses out before the temperature blazes into the 90s. On Aug. 27, this small, pretty track will see the running of one of the richest horse races in the world, the All American Derby for quarter horses, purse \$750,000. No time to fool around.

One of the biggest of the Marlboro Men, white-streaked, aboard a white pony, rides up to Barn 34 at Ruidoso Downs. He is Blane Schvaneveldt, horse trainer, late of Idaho, now of Stanton, Calif. Waiting for him is a smaller man, weathered, hair ginger-going-gray: Ivan Ashment, farmer, of Idaho Falls, Idaho, if the word "farmer" is adequate for a man who ships out 800,000 sacks of potatoes every year and grows about 2,000 acres of barley. He is also the owner of the small bay gelding now nuzzling affectionately into his shoulder. The gelding is Town Policy.

Town Policy's track record is impres-

sive: from June 7 until Oct. 14, 1977, 10 starts, nine wins, earnings of \$336,730. Since May 26 of this year, two wins, including a record time of 21.57 in the Los Alamitos Derby, and one second-place finish. His record is also intriguing. With a horse clearly as talented as Town Policy, why the extraordinary blank in mid-career? The answer to that question may never be known in full.

On the night of Oct. 19, 1977, just five days after he won the Fresno Futurity, Town Policy was in his stall at Schvaneveldt's ranch in Stanton, south of the Santa Ana Freeway and east of Long Beach, in a setting that is a dusty amalgam of single-story light-industrial plants and market gardens, with the former clearly winning the battle for space. At some point between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m., Town Policy disappeared.

The horse, it seemed from his tracks, was led out of his stall to a waiting vehicle, possibly a moving van. Then, it seems, he was driven south across the border.

Schvaneveldt heard the news while he was at the airport, about to leave for a horse sale in Oklahoma. He reached Ashment. "I've got bad news," he said, though a chance still existed that Town Policy had merely strayed.

At first, there didn't seem to be any clear motive for the horsenapping. The horse was a gelding, so there was no question of taking him to a mare. Moreover, his hip tattoo would prevent him from being raced.

For two weeks after Town Policy disappeared, no real lead emerged, though wild rumors reached the ears of Schvaneveldt and Ashment. "We heard he'd been loaded up in a boat in the state of Washington, on his way to Australia," Ashment now recalls with amusement. "Somebody claimed he'd been seen floating in the sea off Long Beach with a notice on him reading, 'I'll teach you to beat me in a race.'" And then, on Nov. 2, a man named Bob Howard made the first of what would prove to be many phone calls.

Howard had once owned Tiny Watch, a champion quarter horse. Now, though, his connection with the track was confined mainly to odd jobs, like shoeing, and betting. Howard was hardly ever out of the complex dealings that marked the search for Town Policy. He telephoned Ashment constantly with news of fresh leads that would result in the horse's recovery. Once he indicated that Ashment should contact a Mexican called Parada living in El Paso. After Ashment had

continued

called him, Parada (who has since run into legal problems connected with the possession of heroin) threatened to "take care of him." Ashment says, somewhat lightheartedly, "He might get out of jail, come after me yet. . . ."

Although the motivation for the horse-napping remained in doubt, a connection with drug trafficking seemed plausible, and by now the FBI and other police agencies felt that the horse, if still alive, was in Mexico. In Mexico there is a tradition of private match races between horses owned by wealthy ranchers, with as much as \$100,000 being staked on the outcome. Indeed, Town Policy's jockey, Ken Hart, had ridden match races in Mexico, being flown in on chartered aircraft for a win or lose fee of \$3,000 for a single race. (Ashment, incidentally, indignantly refutes a Bob Howard "allegation" that pointed at Hart. "He's a grand person," Ashment says. "I'd trust him with my life.")

Howard's credibility with Ashment reached its peak before last Christmas when he persuaded the owner to lend him a horse—New World, a half-brother of Town Policy for whom Ashment had paid \$8,500—which he took to El Paso as a kind of live bait, the theory being that he could trade it for Town Policy and so obtain his return. The ploy was fruitless, and Ashment had considerable difficulty

getting New World back. When the horse was eventually brought home by Shirley Schvaneveldt, the trainer's wife, he was in bad shape. Friends told Ashment that he was foolish to continue going along with Howard's rainbow-chasing.

The breakthrough, when it came, was from an entirely different source. Ashment is loud in praise for the offers of help he received from many quarters, but the most useful came from an official of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. He suggested that Tom McCall, for 21 years a livestock inspector for the department, specializing in the cross-border cattle trade, might be given a leave of absence to apply his expertise to the search for Town Policy.

In his long service with the department, McCall had built up an extensive network of agents in Mexico, and some of the \$25,000 reward money that Ashment was offering was now used to lubricate the wheels. In less than two months the wheels were turning smoothly. In late February, McCall telephoned Ashment. Both he and Schvaneveldt were to fly down to the city of Chihuahua, where they would meet with McCall on March 7. Town Policy was said to be hidden just outside of Chihuahua, but the trip was unrewarding. From Chihuahua, Ashment, Schvaneveldt and McCall were directed to Durango, where they met with

the chief of police, Jaime Garcia de Toro. They drove to a ranch about 14 miles outside the city that belonged to a man called Leonardo Guerrero, who has since disappeared. No Town Policy, but there were signs that a horse had recently been moved. A ranch hand was arrested. Trainer and owner returned home to await developments, but before that Ashment had asked what would be done to the arrested man to get the story from him. "Maybe we tell him he will be in jail the rest of his life," the police said.

Whatever they did, it worked. Three days later, on March 14, Ashment and his trainer were summoned south again, this time to another Durango ranch. And there, Garcia de Toro showed Ashment his horse. Ashment wept. It was almost five months since he had seen Town Policy.

The horse looked awful. He had lost possibly 150 pounds. But Schvaneveldt concluded that he had suffered no lasting harm. Town Policy was shipped back to California, where Schvaneveldt began to fatten him up and train him. Almost miraculously, a little more than two months later, Town Policy was winning races again—first the trial for the Los Alamitos Derby, then the Derby itself, picking up \$57,750. And in June he was shipped to Ruidoso.

Ashment postulates a complex theory on the horse-napping: Town Policy was traded, for possibly a million dollars worth of heroin, to run in private matches, after which he was to be ransomed back to his owner. Indeed, Howard has claimed that Town Policy was run at least twice in Mexico.

The story does not have the perfect happy ending. In the trial for the \$450,000 Rainbow Derby, Town Policy ran second and did not compete in the big race on July 3. Neither Schvaneveldt nor Mike Chambliss, the assistant trainer who first discovered Town Policy was missing last October, was entirely put out, though. The latter said, "When we ran him he got real tired. Last year, the altitude never affected him [Ruidoso is about 7,000 feet above sea level] but, shoot, this is a year later, he's been through a lot."

Both men hope to see him do far better in the All American Derby. With all that prize money, winning it will be the best way Town Policy has of giving a long, derisive horse laugh to his kidnappers. Whoever they might be.

END



The fleet Town Policy had a promising career ahead of him after a successful 2-year-old season

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Everybody wants to be a star, says Ted Turner, and as television tycoon, team owner and super sailor, he has become bigger, and a bit louder, than life

GOING

BY CURRY KIRKPATRICK

I found it. I found it." Ted Turner, the famous detective, has found it. He had been searching for it over the past couple of days, or approximately since the dinner conversation during which Ted Turner, the famous basketball owner, told somebody how his miserable Atlanta Hawks were surprising the opposition just the way the Macedonians had surprised the Persians at Quagmala, Or Quagmira, or Guagmoola, or Guacamole, or somewhere. Ted Turner, the famous researcher, wasn't sure where the Macedonian upset occurred or how to spell the name of the place. "Nobody expected that either," he had said. "Out-numbered five to one, there they were. Alexander the Great digging in with his famous phalanxes. Nine men deep, with swords of different lengths over the shoulders of the men in front. Oh, maybe it was five men deep. God, how could a guy carry a sword that long? Alexander the Great shocked 'em. Just like the Hawks. Goddam. Go, Hawks!"

Now Ted Turner, the famous classicist, is at home, ripping through his encyclopedia. "Right here. Right here," he says. "Capital G-a-u-g-a-m-e-l-a. Gougamelia. I knew it. I knew it. Alexander the Great. What a man. What a plan. In high school I wrote a poem about his three battles. Granicus. Issus. Arbela. This isn't even one of those. Janey," he screams at his wife, "how about those grilled-cheese sandwiches? About four. Hurry and toast 'em good. You can do it. You got spunk."

"Now look at this," says Ted Turner, the famous sailor, ripping through a scrapbook. "This is me in 1966 at the SORC races. That's 12 years ago. Super! I sort of look like Errol Flynn there. What the hell, I haven't changed any. Except I was brash and loud then. Here's the reason the New York Yacht Club hated me," he says, ripping some more. "Look, I called this boat 'an old stocker.' We said the Atlanta Yacht Club would challenge the NYCC. Can you believe that? Only some old stuffed-up twits would get hot about that. What the hell. I got raked over the coals."

"Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but
continued



Striking a proprietary stance behind his cigar, the owner overlooks his stadium, his team and, of course, his camera

REAL STRAWWNG





TED TURNER *continued*

me," Ted Turner, the famous crooner, is singing now. "Anyone else but me. Anyone else but..."

"God, this hockey is awful. I can't understand why people like this game," says Ted Turner, the famous television-station owner, looking at his own Channel 17. "It's just as terrible in person as on TV. Something to keep small minds occupied. They say the only reason people go to the rink is because the players are white. Maybe hockey needs blacks. Naw. If it's black, nobody goes. I could buy this hockey team, but the thought alone is so frightening I can't even stand to turn the sound on. That's 40 more miserable nights in *The Omni*

"Say, I had this guy picked out to manage the Braves," says Ted Turner, the famous baseball owner. "He was perfect. Bright, organized. Good credentials. Helluva guy. I liked him. I wanted him. But he's getting a divorce. Says his wife's contesting it. He doesn't know if she'll let him have the kids. So if she has them, how's he going to concentrate on managing my baseball team? If he has them, how's he going to concentrate? It's a real problem. I mean I could handle it. I had kids with two different wives. Drove everybody crazy. But back me into a corner and I'll come at you like thunder. I'm probably the toughest guy you'll ever meet. Is this guy dedicated enough? I can

find out. I'll call him and tell him the job is his if he gets a gun and shoots his wife and kids. Now that's dedication. Goddam. The Braves. I love 'em."

Could he be pulling all this off anywhere but in Atlanta, Ted Turner, the famous civic leader, is asked. "Pull what off?" he shouts. "What do you think this is, some sort of con? This is just me, for Chrissakes. I got no need to take on the world. I'm just shufflin' along tryin' to survive. I think I'd be bigger in Chicago or L.A. or somewhere. Hell, they know what a boat is there. A lot more dumb people live in the bigger cities than in Atlanta. Maybe I'm a smart Gomer Pyle. How the hell do I know? How would I



The Captain Courageous of America's Cup letter sails forth aboard his ocean racer Tanabichu.

saw Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind* 'Frankly, my dear. I don't give a damn.' What a line. What a time. You know where I'm really big? Australia. They really know their sailin' there. Look at this. Huge coverage. All over the front pages. Damn. You talk about a star."

And that, of course, is that. Although there is no exclusivity anymore in our most overpopulated category of citizenry, it is still everyman's fondest dream to become a star. And so, out of Peachtree Street, Bannister's Wharf and WTCC-TV, over the bounding main and into the dogouts of the entire universe comes Robert E. Turner III. Ali? Farrak? Duke Wayne? Henry Kissinger? Anita Bryant? Has anyone transcended his profession, grown bigger than life, become important, become a star any faster than Robert E. Turner III?

Whatever it is Ted Turner has accomplished—and some people are still trying to figure out just what that is—he has done it so suddenly that the sagemongers who take care of such things haven't had time to immortalize him with a proper nickname. "Mouth of the South" and "Teddy Ballgame," the problem mongers, were heisted from a noisy sportscaster and a left-hand-hitting left-fielder, respectively, not to mention that they hardly do justice to the man. Even "The Pirate of Peachtree," which nicely combines the nautical and geographical, fails to encompass Turner.

His baseball players and basketball players and sailing crews and communications company personnel are admonished to call him "Ted." His secretary, Dee Woods, a vivacious mother of four, calls him "Teddy Baby" as a result of the time she answered a request with "Sir?" and he bellowed "What's this 'Sir' crap?" Only 9-year-old Jennie, his youngest child, can get away with calling him Sir.

Father: "Hey, Jen, tell our guest I'm not a fire-eating, maniacal madman who beats you and denies you porridge and deserves to be thrown out of our national pastime. Don't I remind you to brush your teeth?"

Daughter: "No, Sir; yes, Sir."

One assumes Jennie uses "Sir" be-

cause she realizes she lucked out in the appellation game, her daddy having originally decided to name her "Scarlett," then "Jeanie" (after Stephen Foster's great hit, *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair*). Ted Turner had his way in the Southern-fried baptism of his two youngest sons, Rhett and Beauregard, but Jane Turner put her foot down in the matter of her little girl's name.

As for his own, the black street guys in Atlanta greet Turner with "Wha's happenin', Cap'n's Courageous?" in honor of his winning the America's Cup last fall at the wheel of *Courageous*. Not long ago a very old black woman with a charming disregard for ceremony beckoned to Turner in the parking lot of his TV station. "Hey, Turner," she shouted, "gimme some of that chaw."

Somewhat taken aback for one of the few times in his 39 years, Turner approached the woman warily. "You want this?" he said, pointing to his cheek, which was magnificently stuffed with the Red Man tobacco he has chewed since he started hanging around with baseball players.

"That's right," the woman said, "And I wants you to come bail me out of jail when I gets drunk on this stuff."

After assuring the woman she could only get sick, not drunk, from chewing tobacco, Turner watched in horror as the woman shoved a handful into her mouth. Then he walked away.

"Hey, Turner," the woman shouted, her words muffled by the chaw, "you better gesh the Braves off their butts."

In the 24 hours surrounding this particular encounter last fall, Turner had been in the process of doing just that. Besides interviewing applicants for the Braves' managerial job and figuring out how long he could sit in his office without Bowie Kuhn finding out and disciplining the then-suspended owner, Turner also was in the midst of

Adding several new stations, cities, states and emerging nations to his massive satellite cable-TV network, making plans and assembling crews for competing on the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit, nearly suffering a heart attack every time his bargain-basement basketball

continued

go over in New York? That's like asking me how I'd go over 200 years ago."

Jane Turner speaks up. "Jimmy Carter did it," she says.

"Carter didn't carry New York," her husband snaps. (He was wrong, but there was no going back.) "Anyway, nobody asked you so just shut up. I'm doin' the talkin' here. You just quiet your yap. If you can't keep your mouth shut," says Ted Turner, the famous Southern gentleman, "get the hell out of the room."

"Where was I? Everybody wants to be a star," says Ted Turner, the famous star. "The garbage collector wants to be O. J. Simpson, didn't you know that? I decided to go with the mustache when I

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TED TURNER continued

Hawks got close to winning a game; attempting to get his 17-year-old daughter, Laura Lee, into a high school she would not get bounced out of for displaying the legendary Turner rebelliousness (Laura Lee was 0 for 1 in schools); eating, sleeping, playing backgammon; driving his Toyota through rainstorms while avoiding the sudden return spurt of his own saliva into his face as he hawked out the window; bargaining with a journalist over the sale of a horrible, open-mouthed, mounted rattlesnake head; a sicker, more disgusting thing the journalist was positive did not exist. "I got it for 50. It's yours for a hundred," Turner said. "You think that's sick. Wait till you see my winged but."

In a way his frenetic, jack-and-master-of-all-trades style is precisely what makes Ted Turner such an engrossing character. It is also what makes him so hard to delineate. On the one hand there is the cold, hard, ruthless, money-grubbing, commercial, conglomerate Turner, who upon buying the Braves, unceremoniously fired the team's popular traveling secretary—a dwarf, yet—and who says, "Life is a game, but the way to keep score is money." On the other hand, there is Turner, the *littérateur*, the romanticist, the boy on the burning deck, the man who in a speech after winning the Sydney-Hobart boat race could paraphrase from *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'* and Youth.

"Ah! The good old time—the good old time. Youth and the sea. Glamour and the sea! The good, strong sea, the salt, bitter sea, that could whisper to you and roar at you and knock your breath out of you.... The crew of the *American Eagle* drifted out of sight. I never saw them again. The sea took some, the steamers took others, the graveyards of the earth will account for the rest.... So be it! Let the earth and sea each have its own."

Now, of course, earth and sea have Ted Turner, and the Braves and the Hawks have him, and the talk shows have him and, for better or worse, we all have him. O.K., what do we make of him?

Among his incongruous pursuits, the majority owner of Turner Communications Corporation has attended a state dinner at the White House and ridden in an ostrich race at Atlanta Stadium. "One lap?" the competitor in him screamed. "How the hell can you deter-



Backed by his kids Janice, Ribett, Beauregard and Robert and wife Jane, Turner assumes a patriarchal pose, complete with his cheek swelling (chew of Red Men)

mine the fastest ostrich in one lap?" He has read the Bible twice from cover to cover and has permitted the screening of pornographic movies for his baseball players and their wives on a bus ride from Plains, Ga. to Atlanta. He has nudged a baseball around the base paths with his nose, as a gimmick, and sailed a boat in a triangle to show the yachting Establishment that a guy like Ted Turner could win the America's Cup.

At one time, most of Turner's businesses have been, as he puts it, "at death's door." In 1977 his last-place baseball team lost a million five. Way back, there were much darker days. His teen-aged sister slowly died of a terrible disease. His father committed suicide. His second marriage is in constant turmoil because of his much-publicized flirtations. His eldest daughter from his first marriage is on the threshold, he says, of "delinquentville." Yet Ted Turner seems not

to have had a depressing day in his life. "I'm super," he bellows in reply to the standard greeting, morning, noon and night. "I'm always super." Pat Williams, the general manager of the Philadelphia 76ers, says, "Ted Turner is every kid who ever got loose in Disney World."

Peter Dumes, the president of the outdoor advertising branch of TCC, says of Turner, "Talking to him is like talking to a radio." Hubie Brown, the Hawks' coach, says, "Sit him down and he is one of the all-time great listeners."

Turner says that a magazine columnist once called him "the most multifaceted individual he had ever met." Multifaceted. And this guy had been all over. He had interviewed athletes, lawyers, doctors, musicians, politicians. He said he was this magazine's top guy. Their top guy. *Multifaceted. Damn!*

On such occasions, Turner exhibits a childlike naiveté; it is as though one part

continued

TED TURNER continued

of him hasn't caught up with the other. Dee Woods says Turner flew in from a trip recently, rushed in and blurted out, "Dee, a taxi driver in New York recognized me! Can you believe that?"

On another evening, while Turner was sitting courtside at a Hawks game, Rick Barry came over and congratulated him on the America's Cup defense. Minutes passed. Then Turner said to a companion, "Gee, wasn't that amazing of Rick Barry?" More minutes passed. Then Turner said, "Is Rick Barry a forward?"

Turner's ignorance about both baseball and basketball is a matter of public record as well as the basis of many jokes he tells on himself. After two years as owner of the Braves, he thinks he finally knows what a balk is. But much of pro basketball has him stumped.

He is forever calling NBA coaches "managers" and officials "umpires."

Although Turner knows his Hawks are "not too shabby" but rather "strawwwinning" (two of the more annoying expressions in the terrific Turner lexicon someone once called "Southern bebop"), he does not seem to know their names or what positions they play. For instance, former Hawk Ron Behagen was always "Ber-hagen" to Turner. When the hulking, 6' 7" forward, John Brown—whose name Turner appears to have less difficulty pronouncing—fouled out of a game, the owner jumped up and yelled, "Golly! Now we've got only three guards left." Later in the same game, after the Hawks were warned for using the illegal zone defense, Turner was bewildered.

"What the hell was that?" he said.

"A zone warning," he was told.

"Awww for Chrissakes, forget it," he concluded, angrily giving up.

Turner has no better command of the

facts of his own life. "Was I married both times on the same date?" he said recently, repeating a question. "Dee?" he screamed at his secretary. "Do I have the same wedding anniversary twice?"

Turner has little trouble recalling profit and loss statements, sailing results and his favorite passages from literature, but when he tries to remember whether he has three sons and two daughters or is it three daughters and two sons, he often has to resort to prayer. By the same token, Turner seldom negotiates the 30-minute drive into downtown Atlanta from his modest, magnolia-trimmed home near suburban Marietta without getting hopelessly lost. He has been making this trip for four years. "Someday I know I'll end up in Tennessee," he says.

Turner even has taken to scrawling the names of new business associates on his wrist with a Magic Marker so he won't forget them. Still, last year, while negotiating the contract of rookie guard Rich Laurel, he kept referring to the player as "Rich Little."

"How come you keep calling me 'Kristofferson'?" Turner was asked one day by a writer whose name was not Kristofferson but who wanted to believe that Turner saw in him something of the macho singer-actor.

"Because you got long hair," said Turner.

"Why don't you write my name on your wrist?" asked the writer.

"Because I don't have to impress jerks," said Turner.

Apart from his ability to keep up an endless stream of hyperbolic chatter—oral italics as it were—and to not take himself or anybody else too seriously, the main reason Turner is such a media favorite is that he is honest.

Turner lives by the "just spell the name right, boys" code with journalists and is usually on friendly terms with media reps, both big and small. After Tom Snyder had grilled Turner for 90 minutes, the TV host said he had enjoyed chatting with him. "You ain't such a bad guy yourself, Snyder," replied Turner.

Turner has never been accused of pulling punches. Honor, truth, sincerity—these are his bywords. He subscribes wholeheartedly to the self-description by Nick in *The Great Gatsby*, who said, "Everyone suspects himself of at least one of the cardinal virtues, and this is mine."



He admits he doesn't understand the game, so Turner urges his Hawks to do whatever it is they do.

I am one of the few honest people that I have ever known."

Because Turner likes to mix honesty with his booze, he has regularly immersed himself in deep water not even Courageous could get him out of.

Turner didn't drink until he was 19 years old, yet following his drunken fiasco of a press conference after winning the America's Cup, the public got the impression that he has been a monumental lush since infancy. In truth, Turner is what your neighborhood bartender might refer to as a quick drunk, a two-beer goner. Until his grand toot, he was rarely seen in Newport bars. He was keeping his nose clean, as the King's Point Fund, which owned Courageous, had asked him to.

Because he has trouble determining where or who he is and what he is saying after a few pops, Turner had been suspended from baseball for a year by Commissioner Kuhn.

On the night in 1976 when he exhibited "conduct unbecoming to baseball" (i.e., told San Francisco co-owner Robert Lurie he would offer Gary Matthews, a Giant outfielder who was about to become a free agent, twice the money Lurie would), Turner claims he had downed "six vodkas and was obviously inebriated." Not to mention fairly ignorant of exactly who Gary Matthews was.

At Turner's hearing before Kuhn, Wells Twombly, a sports columnist who has since died, testified that he had heard Turner call Lurie "a little sheeny." Though both Lurie and Turner deny the "sheeny" remark, Turner was later criticized by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith for his remarks concerning agent Jerry Kapstein in a speech Turner made to a group of sports media people in North Carolina. "You should have some reason to dislike a guy besides the fact he wears a full-length fur coat and is a Jew," Turner had said.

Later Turner publicly apologized for his "flippant" statement, but that did not stop a couple of NBA owners, the Knicks' Michael Burke and the Bullets' Abe Pollin, from distributing a letter to their fellow owners insisting that Turner be reprimanded. Burke and Pollin later withdrew their statements and apologized themselves, explaining they had "misinterpreted."

For Turner, who abhors most agents ("when they smile, blood drips off their teeth"), who particularly dislikes Kapstein and his negotiation methods and who swears he will never again have a Kapstein client on the Braves, this was the supreme example of his outspokenness not exactly being the best policy. Other owners, known to be equally wary of Kapstein, have held their tongues.

The ethnic slurs aside, in both instances Turner had ranged himself against the Establishment, and in the Matthews incident, against what he considers

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TED TURNER continued

its pomposity and silly authoritarianism.

In Newport, Turner had also expressed his anti-Establishmentarianism. At a glittering party of beautiful people whose names began with initials and ended with numerals, a party to which he had been invited by an Atlanta couple he didn't know, Turner was patronized, fêted off by the couple as "their friend" and showcased around like a stuffed celeb doll. After a few hours and a bunch of Southern Comforts, Turner took a powder, infuriating American yachtdom.

Similarly, the captain's falling-out with the owner of the *Black Pearl*, the popular Newport watering hole from which Turner was barred, occurred only because, as Turner claims, "The guy was acting like a king of the mountain, crowing about his money and being a pompous ass. Look, I had to put him down. I apologized later in the summer, but I can't stand phony acts. That's the whole thing. The phroness in the world. All this just ticks me off. Injustice. I hate injustice."

"I have such a distaste for people who can't roll up their sleeves and get the job done. See, I'm not wrong. I'm getting a bum rap. I'm not a wild man. I'm not a bad guy. I'm not like some owners I could name. Pro sports has become filthy: it's a double-dealing, rotten business. There's all this terror and intrigue and fratricide. I'm sick of it. Sports should be fun. My Braves and my Hawks play clean. They may be underpaid but they have fun. They're honorable. In yachting, men understand that. You're assumed to be a gentleman. You're assumed to have honor."

This always has been a constant with Turner. One goes back to the Kuhn hearing on his suspension when, under cross-examination by attorney Richard Wertheimer, Turner exploded. "After this is over, you keep that up and you'll get a knuckle sandwich," he roared. The other day Turner was asked what Wertheimer had said to incur such wrath. Turner didn't remember. He merely said, "The man questioned my honor."

Robert E. Turner II was the one who instilled this attitude. Honor of family. Ted Turner's father was a stern, tough, self-made man who had worked up from the dirt as a child in Mississippi. He start-

ed a family in Cincinnati, moved to Savannah—where his son and namesake began a lifelong affair with the sea—and branched out to establish a successful, albeit struggling, outdoor-advertising company in other small cities in the South. "People think I'm a crazy man," Turner says. "But my father, he really was the crazy man. He lived hard, played hard, did outrageous things. I mean, he used to go into bars and get in fights and stuff."

As a youngster, Turner was instructed to read a book every two days. He was disciplined with a wire coat hanger. He was put to work in the family business digging post holes. One summer Turner worked a 40-hour week; he was paid \$50 a week by his father and was charged \$25 to live at home. "My father put the screws to me early," Turner says. "If he hadn't, I never would have survived. My father made me a man."

The family's home life was tragic, owing to a bad marriage, which was to end in divorce, and the debilitating condition of Turner's sister, who died of lupus at 17. "She came out of a coma with her brain destroyed," Turner says. "It was a horror show of major proportions. Puddled rooms. Screaming at night. It was something out of *Dark Shadows*."

At 11, Turner had avoided much of this because he was sent off to military school in Chattanooga. Even though he despised it, Turner remained at the MacCallie School for six years, applied himself and graduated in the top 15% of his class as a company commander. (Later, he would send Robert Edward Turner IV to MacCallie.) Honor.

At Brown University, where Turner planned to major in classics, his father wrote him a remarkable letter (Turner had it published in the school newspaper) in which the elder Turner expressed his dim views of his son's course of study. He "almost puked" upon hearing the news, the old man wrote. He described Aristotle and Plato as "old bastards" and closed, "... you are rapidly becoming a jackass, and the sooner you get out of that filthy atmosphere, the better. ... You are in the hands of the Philistines, and dammit, I sent you there. I am sorry. Devotedly, Dad." The father demanded something more practical. The son switched majors to economics. Honor.

After his father's suicide in 1962, holding his legacy of a broken-down busi-

ness \$6 million in debt (which the doomed man had attempted to sell off at the final hour), the 24-year-old Turner spurned the advice of a battery of family financial advisers who told him to give up. Instead, he hired a sales force, reworked contracts, kept control of the company, saved it and, above all, saved the family's name. Honor.

Now Turner Communications is an enormous corporate mixed bag consisting of WTCG-TV in Atlanta, WRET-TV in Charlotte, N.C., several billboard companies and satellite cables. It also owes TV rights to nearly 30% of all the old movies seen in the Western world, part shares of a baseball and basketball team, a major piece of a mounted rattlesnake head—and who knows what all else—and it is rolling along, with revenues increasing 300% over the last four years. Duty with honor.

"My father was halfway to the big time," says Turner. "I think he saw me as the only hope for the family to go all the way. He was working too hard, drinking too much, popping pills, sick all the time. The pressure finally got him. Two years before, he said he wouldn't mind if he died. I knew then. He put a bullet through his head with the same gun that he taught me to shoot with. At the end the banks wouldn't even honor the check for his funeral. It took my father all his life to get to Atlanta. I wasn't going back. No way. It was a hard, bad road. Listen, buddy. I've been in last place a long time."

In his book keyed to the 1974 America's Cup, *The Grand Gesture*, Roger Vaughan, a classmate of Ted Turner's at Brown, recalls him as wearing three-piece suits, bow ties, felt hats, Chesterfield coats and the like ("Turner") was likable, even enjoyable," wrote Vaughan, "despite his basic racist tendencies, his chauvinistic approach to women, his elitist view of society, and his fascist ideology."

John Rowe Workman, a professor of classics at Brown, also recalls Turner fondly, even after losing him to his father. "But we didn't really lose Ted," Workman is quoted by Vaughan. "He was still around. The real humanist will always go out of his way to be different."

At college, Turner did things like shoot a rifle from a window, burn down his fraternity's homecoming display and terror-

ize the ladies. "Ted was never a serious student by any measure," says William Kennedy, Brown '60, who is now assistant director of university relations. "We caroused together. Ted was also a bigot, as maybe all of us were in a sense at that time. Often he would go out in a group, after a lot of drinking, and sing Nazi songs outside the Jewish fraternity, or he would put signs reading WARNINGS FROM THE KU KLUX KLAN on the doors of the few blacks at Brown. He wasn't vicious. He was just trying to be one of the boys."

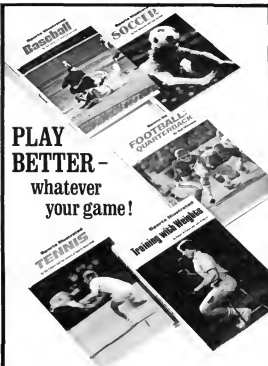
Of this activity, Turner says today: "Oh, those were just childish pranks." He points out he is the first owner in baseball to employ a black general manager, and that many high-level positions in his company are filled by Jews. "Hey, I don't mean anything by these racial cracks," he says. "There are bad Christians around, too, right? It's just that, you know, a bad Jew is worse, right? You won't find any pictures of me with swastikas and a German army helmet." As for "the blacks," Turner says, "most of them aren't black, anyway. They're brown. Well, aren't they? It's very seldom you see a really black black. The blacks can tell who pays lip service and who's sincere. The blacks love me."

Turner was expelled from Brown in his sophomore year for being caught in a dorm room at Wheaton, a girls' college in nearby Norton, Mass. Then he joined the Coast Guard. Back in Providence after keeping the enemy out of Palm Beach, Turner was expelled from Brown again in his senior year after a Wheaton girl was caught in his room. The guy just couldn't win. "I understand students can entertain girls here," Turner said in a speech on the Brown campus not long ago. "I was way ahead of my time."

In nearly every twist of Turner's scholastic fate, the strong hand of his father could be seen: the sophomore spree is regarded by Turner as a reaction to his father's refusal to let him take a summer job at a Connecticut yacht club. Up to then Turner had stood by a parental agreement to refrain from drinking until he was 21 (for which he was to get a \$5,000 reward). But that night, angered and forlorn over his father's decision, Turner got plastered. Then he got caught with the girl. Then he got thrown out of

continued

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TED TURNER continued

college. By the time of his second dismissal, Turner says he was leaving Brown anyway because his father—suffering from alcoholism himself—refused to pay for the schooling of a by-now regularly imbibing young ruffian.

"I didn't fail college. College failed me," Turner is quoted in *The Grand Gesture*. But the true failures seemed to be those of the son and the father, each to the other.

"Look, this is amazing," Turner said the other day in his office, pointing to an array of paintings and photographs, to assorted baseball, basketball, sailing and television memorabilia; to a wall completely hidden by trophy shelves full of silver, polished brass and cut crystal. "This would be amazing to my father."

"I remember him telling me about the New York Yacht Club once. How it was swank and ritzy and all. My father never would have dreamed of me being in that room. That I'd be a member. That I'd defend the America's Cup. Lord, it would blow his mind. Sometimes I think he is somewhere watching all this. Watching me make the big time. I wish he could come back and see, you know? Like the father in *Carouse!* The dead father when he comes back to see his daughter at graduation? Damn. We were good friends. I wish my father could come back just for one day."

Friends and acquaintances fret that Turner seems to have a preoccupation with death. A Chicago reporter says Turner once told him he thought he might die the same way his father did, and Turner once persuaded Duke Murphy, the Braves' young Mormon catcher, to choose baseball over missionary work by saying, "God's always over .500. I'm dyin' here, Murphy. Do you want the blood of seven people on your hands? You leave me and I got to shoot myself and my whole family."

At any rate, Turner first and foremost is a sailor, and sailors are always in close touch with their destiny.

It is perhaps the most intriguing aspect of this fascinating man's life that, save for a Chichester here, a Popeye there, he has somehow found time to become the world's best-known sailor. From modest beginnings on the Skidway River in Savannah, from a mild boating interest whetted at college in Rhode Island when the America's Cup competi-

tion was reborn in 1958, Turner has been a national champion in three different classes—Y Flyer, 5.5 Meter and Flying Dutchman. He has won two SORC championships, three Yachtsman of the Year awards ("That's like MVP," he roars) and countless races on several continents. He has become a companion to sailor kings, a pal of sailor prime ministers—and been judged a distasteful bust in the America's Cup Trials of 1974 aboard *Mariner*. But in Newport '77, Ted Turner became a star.

The captain was all over T shirts, pennants and buttons. He was in newspapers, magazines and all cocktail-party gossip. And there he was, live. Following each race, as Turner took his daily walk from Bannister's Wharf over the cobblestones of the picturesque New England port, hundreds of cheering townspeople and tourists would surround and follow him in a boisterous scene straight out of the village of Hamelin. By the final race day there were a thousand people parading down Thames Street after this grinning, swearing Pied Piper.

Had he chosen that moment for a reverie on the joys of sailing, Turner would have had the crowd even more spellbound. He has, in quieter moments, reflected, "Some races are so beautiful that you're sorry to finish. There are times when the weather is perfect. The Montego Bay race in '66 was one. It was a full moon, clear nights, warm, and there was a good wind. The world was beautiful. In our sport, you're out there with nature—you're as close to nature as you can be—with gulls, flying fish, whales, the dawn, the sunset, the stars."

"You take a deep breath and you feel alive, really alive. The brilliance of the stars is hard to describe. You think you can reach out and grab a handful of them. It's as if they were 10 feet away, and there are millions of them. There are so many beautiful sights. The coast of Tasmania with its cliffs that go 1,000 feet straight up. Sailing past Molokai, in Hawaii, in the moonlight after not having seen land in two weeks; storming past the coast of Cuba, seeing Bermuda loom some 70 or 80 miles away, or seeing the phosphorescence in the tropics. It's just so beautiful out there."

At the finish now, in the finest hour of any sailor's career, following the greatest outpouring of affection ever seen at an America's Cup race, some people were waiting for Turner to match this eloquence. Alas. During the last trip to shore and a press conference; after having had innumerable quarts of beer, champagne and—bingo!—aquavit (courtesy of some overzealous Swedes) poured down his throat, Ted Turner arrived at the pennant dead drunk.

"You ought to catch those Super Bowl winners when they've had several hours to enjoy it instead of just a few minutes," Turner says in his defense. "Honestly, what was I going to say? A friend of mine was disappointed in me. He thought I'd missed my moment. My moment? How the hell could I be profound? It was just a boat race. It was over. I had been away all summer. It was time to get back to work. I didn't even have time to make the *Today* show, and they wanted me bad. I have to work to earn a living."

"Anyway," said Ted Turner, the famous philosopher, "my father always said to never set goals you can reach in your lifetime. After you accomplished them, there would be nothing left. I'll have other moments. I'll have more fun. My teams may keep losing but I'll enjoy myself."

"No need in sitting alone on the shelf," Ted Turner, the famous crooner, is singing again, "Come to the Cabaret. Da da da da da, boom, boom, boom. I'll have a bounce in my step, a smile on my face. Hey, happy-go-lucky me. There'll be a load of compromising. On the road to my horizon. Like a rhinestone cowboy. Riding out in front of a star-spangled rodeo. Like a rhinestone..."

"What I need to do is put out a record," says Ted Turner, the famous recording artist. "Like Wolfman Jack. Talk about a star. The 'Wolfman's Favorites.' You ever hear that? Yeah. That's it. Ted Turner's Favorites. Man, I love the Wolf. He's so cool. I wanted to send in the money. Get me his favorites. Wolf always says '...and remember, the old Wolfman loves you.' Yeah. I love him. You know what? I got to get him down here to Atlanta. Me and Wolfman Jack. What a pair. What an affair. What an unstoppable combo! You know the Wolf? You know his number? Hey. Dec?"

Talk about a star

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE MURDOCH CASE

Sir

NHL President John Ziegler's suspension of New York Ranger Forward Don Murdoch (SCORING, Aug. 7) was warranted. Given the nature of the drug involved (cocaine) and its appeal to many young NHL fans, Ziegler had no choice but to take a strong stand or run the risk of condoning drug use by players through his silence. As we are all aware, fines and suspensions are as much public-relations devices as they are disciplinary actions.

JOE GROSSMAN
Philadelphia

Sir

What bugs me—scars me—is that SI could make a passing statement—"The use of cocaine is fairly widespread among young professional athletes." You also state that possession of cocaine is a "victimless crime." From the most simplistic of views, that is true. But it is not true from any other viewpoint.

CHARLES P. PATE
Fort Worth

Sir

I find John Ziegler's decision to suspend Don Murdoch for at least half of next season very ironic. In the past, NHL officials have pleaded to people like Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry that the NHL should police itself. Now Ziegler steps in and punishes Murdoch for an act that has nothing to do with the NHL. I'm afraid Ziegler has blown it again.

JIM MORRIS
Cupertino, Calif.

Sir

I was impressed by SI's candid analysis of the controversy surrounding Don Murdoch and John Ziegler. As a Canadian citizen, Murdoch has a responsibility to obey the laws of his country or suffer the consequences. As a player in the NHL, he is also subject to a number of rules and regulations regarding his on-ice behavior. But it is inconceivable that the NHL, and specifically Ziegler, should be allowed to act as both judge and jury in an incident completely unrelated to the sport of hockey.

What is particularly distressing about this matter is that the player representatives have unanimously supported Ziegler's verdict, thus blocking Murdoch's only route of appeal. By upholding Murdoch's suspension they have permitted the NHL to judge—and, in essence, to dictate—a player's life-style.

JIM COSGROVE
Pittsburgh

PETE'S STREAK

Sir

Coming on the heels of SI's investigation of the effects of money on sports (July 17 et seq.), Pete Rose's 44-game hitting streak (*Doing Much and Much Ado*, Aug. 7) was immensely satisfying in its simplicity, its sincerity and its implications. I am positive that the money Rose makes is mere gravy to Pete. This sportsman gets his meat and potatoes on the ball field—as it should be.

DORIS MARGOLIS
Tampa

Sir

For six weeks I lived and died with Pete Rose. I read the papers every day and marveled at what a hothead he is. Then what happens? The streak ends and he says he can't believe Atlanta's Gene Garber pitched him like it was the seventh game of the World Series (SCORING, Aug. 14). How sad that the best thing to happen in baseball this year, by a class guy, ended in an uncanny way.

BRIAN SCHIFF
Philadelphia

Sir

Pete Rose is one heck of a ballplayer, but he is also a jerk.

JOHN J. GRIMES
Watertown, Mass.

SPACEMAN

Sir

Thanks to Curry Kirkpatrick for the amusing piece on Bill Lee of the Red Sox (*In an Orbit All His Own*, Aug. 7). No wonder Lee considers the Cincinnati Reds a "drill team." They "drilled" him out of the box in the final game of the 1975 World Series. Even Taiwanese Little Leaguers could have hit the bloopers he was throwing.

ART MORAN
Cincinnati

Sir

Bill Lee gives us what we want when we go to the ball park: fun. Ours the break between games of a recent doubleheader in Cleveland, in which the Red Sox swept the Indians, the Spaceman drew the appreciative roars of many of the 42,000 fans by hitting towering fly balls to himself in the outfield and then catching them behind his back and while sliding on the grass. We Tribe fans are starving, but that was enjoyable.

JIM RUDOLPH
Newbury, Ohio

Sir

I don't know if I love Bill Lee or hate him, but one thing's for sure—he's interesting!

DAVE GOODMAN
Ware, Mass.

Sir

Bill Lee is not only a proven pitcher, but he also does an excellent job as a substitute host for various Boston-area radio talk shows. I think Lee is a better host than his loudstern critics, Cliff Keane and Larry Claflin. Some of their criticism may be jealousy.

PAUL FECTEM
Hollywood, Fla.

ATHLETES AND PRESIDENTS

Sir

When reader Saul Behar asked, "Do David Thompson, O. J. Simpson or Larry Holt deserve to earn more than Jimmy Carter?" (19TH HOLE, Aug. 7), he inspired me to poll 100 people in the Tuscaloosa (Ala.) area. The results, 64 said yes, they do, 24 thought anyone deserved to earn more than Carter, and 12 thought Bear Bryant was President.

DREW LUNA
Northport, Ala.

Sir

I am reminded of Babe Ruth's reputed answer when someone asked him if he deserved to be making more than President Herbert Hoover: "Why not? I had a better year than he did."

DAVID A. SMITH
Cambridge, Mass.

PHYSICS LESSON

Sir

The letter from John Kelly Karasek (19TH HOLE, Aug. 7) is a classic example of what happens when a man's education exceeds his intelligence. He chose to ridicule the assertion that Busch Stadium's artificial turf could cause baseballs to "accelerate after they hit the ground." He is, of course, correct in thinking that there are laws of physics that pertain to conservation of energy. But he neglected to remember that a bat striking a ball might impart an energy of rotation as well as energy of translation to the ball. This is especially true of a ground ball, which very well might have been topped by the bat. So it is entirely possible that a ground ball would be accelerated upon contact with the synthetic turf by conversion of some of the energy of rotation into energy of translation. The learned Mr. Karasek owes an apology to the St. Louis scorers, who use their eyes to watch baseballs bouncing rather than to read only half of their physics books.

SINCLAIR BUCKSTAFF
Northridge, Calif.

ROCKY'S REVENGE

Sir

In response to your article A Bonny Victory (July 24), I should like to point out that although the British and American press

emphasized the toll the Road Hole exacted from the likes of Arnold Palmer, Severiano Ballesteros, Toneyuki Nakajima, Simon Owen and others during the British Open, they did not report on "Rocky Thompson's Revenge." Thompson, a longtime bit player on the U.S. tour, holed out in seven on the Road Hole on Saturday morning. He proceeded to the 18th tee, but then returned to the 17th green, the Road Hole, and, using his putter as a simulated machine gun, sprayed the green with "bullets" for at least half a minute, wreaking sweet revenge. The huge crowd at the 17th green reacted with stunned silence, then laughed in communal sympathy.

RUSSELL C. PALMER
West Hartford, Conn.

THE CHAMP (CONT.)

Sir:
Bruce Newman's article on Leon Spinks was the most objective piece yet printed about the champion (Sometimes a Guy's Gotta Swoop, July 24).

Followers of Spinks know of his recurring problems with the law. Newman did not trample the subject, but rather let Spinks try to explain his urges to "swoop" and "boogie-woogie-oogie."

Who are we to judge what Leon Spinks does with his money? Why is he a lesser champion because he has flirtations with women other than his wife? Spinks came from a disadvantaged environment and, at an age when even highly educated men are struggling with life's decisions, had international celebrity thrust upon him. Why should a 24-year-old be held accountable for his every action?

I am an average sports fan. I am not an intellectual who tries to dig deeply into the guts of American sport. For those reasons I applaud Newman's treatment of Spinks. Let us judge Spinks the boxer. If for one am inspired by what he has done in the ring. And that is how it should be.

TED SILLANPAA
Portland, Ore.

Sir:
Leon Spinks' life-style, as described by Bruce Newman, is not much different from mine, except that I do my drinking and carousing on a much smaller income. In this respect Leon is no different from many young, affluent kids, and Newman's account of his carousing made enjoyable reading until I remembered that Spinks is the heavyweight champion. That's why it was refreshing to turn the page and read about a true champion, the Phillies' Larry Bowa (*The Little Big Man for the Phillies*).

RODGER RUSSELL
Union City, Tenn.

OTHER CHAMPS

Sir:
Thank you for your fine article on the proposed Carlos Palomino-Pipino Cuevas welterweight bout (*A Matter of Welters*, July 31). It is indeed unfortunate that two such gifted

continued

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15TH HOLE *continued*

fighters are going begging for a televised title match. A purse of \$500,000 is paltry in comparison to the extravagant sums paid to heavyweights. Networks seem misguided in their willingness to pay for poundage rather than for skill.

MARCO MONZA
 Dearborn, Mich.

Sir:

I am disgusted that you have written an article suggesting pitting Pipino Cuevas (WBA champ) and Carlos Palomino (WBC champ) before either has met Pete Ranzany. Ranzany has been one of the top contenders in the welterweight class for the past two or three years. Palomino and his people have been avoiding Ranzany even though he has proved himself worthy time and again. Ranzany is not just a hurdle for Cuevas or Palomino or anyone. He will beat Cuevas, and then may be Palomino will have to fight on from Sacramento.

MICHAEL V. RUSSELL
 Rancho Cordova, Calif.

TRADING GAME

Sir:

Speaking of interesting trades (15TH HOLE, July 24), wouldn't Rolfe Fingers for Jim Palmer be a handy deal? The Pirates would get burned in a Candelaria-Eastwick deal, and Mickey Rivers and Henry Cruz should be shipped to the Mariners.

Atlanta's Pat Rickett should have been shot over to the Houston Astros instead of to Richmond, and Ted Turner may want to move Rowland Office from centerfield to ticket manager.

The Reds should flag down Frank White and Vada Blue, and Ivan DeJesus should wing his way to the Angels.

The Cubs should pick up Doug Bair from Cincinnati, and they'd better hang on to Dennis Lamp since Wrigley Field has no lights. Because everyone says Jose Cardenal is a hot dog, shouldn't he play for Chicago Manager Herman Franks?

STEPHEN STANAK
 Green Bay, Wis.

Sir:

Would sending Dave Kingman to the Royals be a crowning success? Wouldn't Glenn Abbott be a natural on the Padres? What about Barry Foote going to the White Sox? Wouldn't Jim Kaat be a winner with the Tigers? Perhaps. But in this day and age, the best way to get a Champion (San Diego) is to use Money (Milwaukee).

TIM LEINBACH
 Cambridge, Mass.
 • Oops! All trades off. Champion was sent down to the minors on June 6.—ED

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